

CHORAL Book

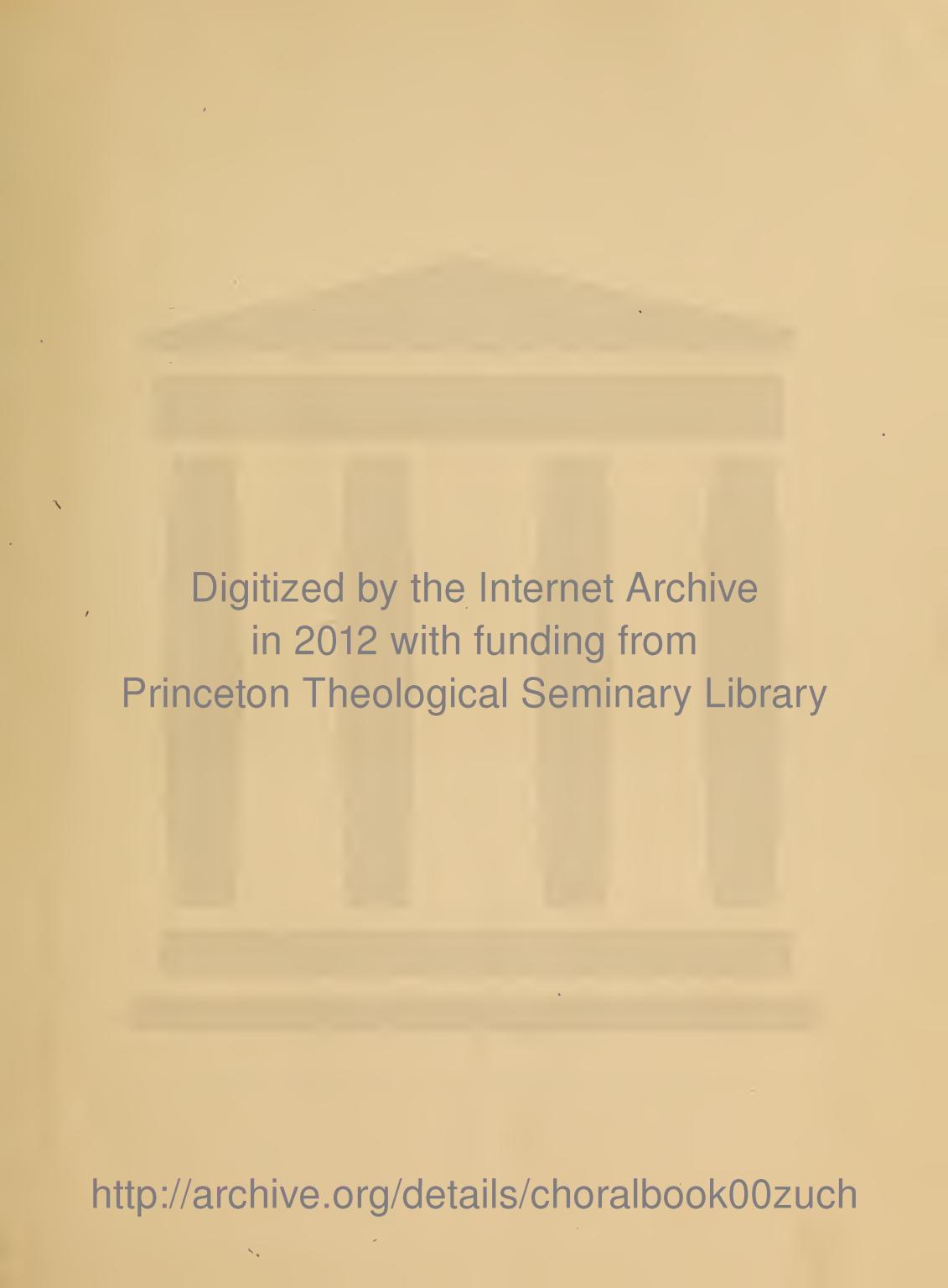
ZUCHTMANN & HIRTLAND

GINN & COMPANY

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THE CHORAL BOOK

FOR

HOME, SCHOOL AND CHURCH

TRANSLATED BY

FRIEDRICH ZUCHTMANN

PRINCIPAL OF CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

AND

EDWIN L. KIRTLAND

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, HOLYOKE, MASS.

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Respectfully dedicated to

Dr. Eben Tourjée

the champion of congregational singing.

TOPICS.

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CONTENTS.

THE "Choral Book" consists of ninety choice choral pieces which have proved their quality by centuries of use in the homes, schools, and churches of Germany.

The tunes are unchanged by a single note, while the hymns have been translated with religious fidelity to both sentiment and music; the rugged force of the former having been maintained without harshness, and the peculiar rhythmical, dynamic or phonic effects of the latter having been conserved by a laborious choice and arrangement of vowels, syllables, words, and phrases.

PURPOSES.

- (1) The bestowal upon the home circle of music easily mastered, and containing means of the best musical culture.
- (2) The introduction to the school-room of suitable music for sight-reading, and for the devotional or musical exercises at opening or closing of the sessions.
- (3) The restoration to the churches of the ideal music for congregations, and the ultimate displacement of the light and lively *morceaux* of the opera, obviously unsuited to convey religious sentiment, and impossible of good rendering by untrained masses.
- (4) Moreover, the matchless harmonies of these ninety tunes should serve to establish among people, or musicians, the elevated musical ideal which was possessed by the masters who composed them and the people who loved them.

The prominent part borne by these hymns in the German churches and schools cannot be overvalued. Whoever has heard, or, rather, experienced, the rendering of one of these great chorals by the great congregations in the Fatherland, will ask no other commendation.

If, now, by our humble and imperfect work, we have furnished one ashlar toward the better building up of the temple of song, sacred to the home, the school, and the church, these delightful *avocations* from busy *vocations* will not have been taken in vain.

FRIEDRICH ZUCHTMANN.

EDWIN L. KIRTLAND.

SONGS OF DEVOTION.

I I Come before Thy Glorious Eye.

Music score for the first stanza. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I come before Thy glorious eye; Hear Thou, O Lord, my anxious cry. Oh, cleanse my life of sinful ways, Thou God of patience and of grace."

Music score for the second stanza. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I come before Thy glorious eye; Hear Thou, O Lord, my anxious cry. Oh, cleanse my life of sinful ways, Thou God of patience and of grace."

1 I come before Thy glorious eye;
Hear Thou, O Lord, my anxious cry.
Oh, cleanse my life of sinful ways,
Thou God of patience and of grace.

2 Give me a heart pure from above,
A heart of holy fear and love,
A heart of humble thanks and praise,
A tranquil heart through all my days.

3 If Thou may'st lengthen out my life,
Protect me still from sin and strife;
My guardian God, my trust always,
Desert me not in life's last days.

CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT, 1765.

(7)

2 Our Father Who Art in Heaven.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1537.

1. Our Fa-ther in the heav-ens high, That bid'st us like true broth-ers aye To
 live, and ev - er call on Thee In fre-quent prayer and con - stan - cy, May
 we not pray with lips a - lone; Grant from the heart our prayer may come.

1 Our father in the heavens high,
 That bid'st us like true brothers aye
 To live, and ever call on Thee
 In frequent prayer and constancy,
 May we not pray with lips alone;
 Grant from the heart our prayer may
 come.

2 And hallowed be thy name, O Lord :
 Help us to keep Thy law and word,
 That we may live like holy men,
 And never use Thy name in vain.
 Oh, save us from all faithless creed ;
 To Thee all erring people lead.

3 Thy kingdom come to us this day :
 Forever be its righteous stay.
 O Spirit pure, be ever nigh,
 With gifts old Satan to defy,
 And all his power and wiles so great
 Destroy, lest he Thy work abate.

4 Thy will, O Lord, alike be done
 On earth as on the Heaven's throne ;
 In toils and patience make us show
 Obedience or in love or woe.
 And dull our vicious passion's sting,
 Lest we Thy wrath upon us bring.

5 Give us this day our daily bread ;
For every want our table spread ;
Keep from us, Lord, all strife and war,
And pestilence and famine sore,
That we in Thy good peace may live,
And not for help or gain may grieve.

6 Oh, all our sins forgive, we pray,
That we fall not in Satan's way ;
As we forgive, too, all our debtors,
Our cruel foes and their abettors ;
Grant us as brothers all to own,
Let charity for sins atone.

7 Into temptation lead us not,
But frustrate Satan's wily plot,
And on the left and on the right,

Help us resist and help us fight ;
Through faith in Thee our souls prepare,
And through the Holy Spirit's care.

8 Grant 'gainst all evil us to guard :
Sore are the times and grievous hard ;
From death eternal do thou save ;
Help us Death's agony to brave,
That we may reach the Blessed Land ;
Take, God, our souls into Thy hand.

9 Amen, O God, may this be true.
With firmest faith our souls imbue,
That we doubt not Thy holy writ :
All this in prayer we now submit.
Thy holy name we praise again,
And all uniting, say, Amen.

MARTIN LUTHER.

3 Thy Grace, O Lord, Now Offer.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.

Thy grace, O Lord, now of - fer, That sin may not de - file, That
 we no mis - chieft suf - fer Through wick - ed Sa - tan's wile.

1 Thy grace, O Lord, now offer,
That sin may not defile,
That we no mischief suffer
Through wicked Satan's wile.

2 Thy word assist us ever,
O kind Redeemer, dear,
Thy blessings leave us never,
Thy wrath we would not fear.

3 Oh, stay with all Thy lustre
Near us, Thou wondrous Light,
And wisdom in us foster,
That error may not blight.

4 Thine hand uphold our being,
O gracious Lord, to b'less ;
Grant constantly, foreseeing,
Thy help in sore distress.

JOSUA STEGMANN, 1630.

4 O Thou in Whom All Hearts Rejoice.

NICOLAUS HERMANN, 1560.

1 O Thou, in whom all hearts rejoice,
 In praise and thanks now hear my voice ;
 Do Thou, whose power fills time and space,
 Fill all our hearts with love and grace
 Eternally.

2 Far, far, beyond conception far
 Thy glory goes, for every star
 Gets light from Thee. We love Thee, Lord,
 And all shall breathe that glorious word,
 Almighty One.

3 Throughout high Heaven's boundless space
 And on the earth they sing Thy praise
 Thine is the power — Thy glory send,
 And grace forever, without end.

Hallelujah !

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK, 1769.

5 God, our Father, Help us Pray.

An old German Melodie reintroduced by MARTIN LUTHER, 1524.

1. { God, our Fa - ther, help us pray, And nev - er let us per - ish,
 Take our va - ried sins a - way, And grant our souls to nour - ish.

Sa - tan's wiles may we be - ware, Thee we would aye be - lieve in, Then
 We are Thine for - ev - er - more, With ev - 'ry pi - ous Chris - tian, In

let us Thee a - bide in And all our hearts con - fide in.
 His great cause en - list - ing, And Sa - tan's wiles re - sist - ing.

A - men, A - men, sound a - far, And joy - ful sing, hal - le - lu - jah!

1 God, our Father, help us pray,
 And never let us perish.
 Take our varied sins away,
 And grant our souls to nourish.
 Satan's wiles may we beware,
 Thee we would aye believe in,
 Then let us Thee abide in,

And all our hearts confide in.
 We are Thine forevermore
 With every pious Christian,
 In His great cause enlisting,
 And Satan's wiles resisting,
 Amen, amen, sound afar,
 And joyful sing, hallelujah !

6 O God, Our Steadfast Lord.

Appeared in 1698, later introduced by JOHANN F. DOLES.

1. O God, our steadfast Lord, Thou giv - er of all grac - es, That dost all boons afford, Whose kindness all amazes, Give me a body sound, That there - in ev - er may A spot - less soul be found, A con - science guilt - less stay.

2. O God, our steadfast Lord, Thou giv - er of all grac - es, That dost all boons afford, Whose kindness all amazes, Give me a body sound, That therein ever may A spotless soul be found, A conscience guiltless stay.

3. Grant I may do it when Thy will declares the need, And, if I do it then, That well it may succeed.

4. As in this world's brief stay My life span runneth higher, Through all the weary way, And age draws ever nigher, Grant patience. May disgrace And sin Thy guidance spare; Let me with honest grace Time's hoary honors wear.

1 O God, our steadfast Lord,
Thou giver of all graces,
That dost all boons afford,
Whose kindness all amazes,
Give me a body sound,
That therein ever may
A spotless soul be found,
A conscience guiltless stay.

2 Grant me to do with zeal
What me to do behooveth,
And what my Master's will
In my vocation moveth.

Grant I may do it when
Thy will declares the need,

And, if I do it then,

That well it may succeed.

3 As in this world's brief stay
My life span runneth higher,
Through all the weary way,
And age draws ever nigher,
Grant patience. May disgrace
And sin Thy guidance spare;
Let me with honest grace
Time's hoary honors wear.

7

Let Me be Thine Forever.

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.

1. Let me be Thine for - ev - er, Thou faith - ful God and Lord,
And, from Thee turn - ing nev - er, Be true to Thine own word.

Lord, let me fal - ter nev - er, Mine be a pa - tient heart; Thee

will I thank for ev - er, My gra - cious Lord Thou art.

1 Let me be Thine forever,
Thou faithful God and Lord,
And, from Thee turning never,
Be true to Thine own word.
Lord, let me falter never,
Mine be a patient heart;
Thee will I thank forever,
My gracious God Thou art.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, my anchor,
My life, my only friend,
To Thee I would surrender,
And on Thy grace depend.

By Thine own blood redeemèd
From sorest grief and woe,
Thine ev'ry gift esteemèd,
Thy bliss make me to know.

3 O Holy Ghost, my solace,
My light, my surest bond,
Grant that to Christ, the Saviour,—
Him that my heart has found,—
My praise may be forever:
Grant grace for my last hour,
That, from Thee turning never,
My soul shall own Thy power.

8 Great God, Thy Kindness Goes as Far.

Introduced by MARTIN LUTHER, 1535.

I. { Great God, Thy kind - ness goes as far As heav - en's clouds are soar - ing;
 I. { That sin Thy grace may nev - er mar Thine aid we are im - plor - ing.

O God, my strong - hold, hope, and Lord, Now deign to hear my
 hum - ble word, My prayer to Thee out - pour - - ing.

1 Great God, Thy kindness goes as far
 As heaven's clouds are soaring ;
 That sin Thy grace may never mar
 Thine aid we are imploring.

O Lord, my stronghold, hope, and Lord, 3
 Now deign to hear my humble word,
 My prayer to Thee outpouring.

2 Not riches do I ask, O Lord,
 Not treasures vain and fleeting,
 That measure do to me accord,
 My life's just wants for meeting.

Give me but wisdom, do Thou grant
 My knowing Thee and Him Thou sent,
 Myself—wisdom completing.

I ask Thee not for glory's fame,
 Howe'er it may be tempting.
 Keep me from losing my good name,
 Thy grace sin's power exempting.
 My greatest fame, my duty be,
 My trust and station, all in Thee,
 And in my friends' affection.

9 To Thee, Jehovah, I am Singing.

1704 (1690).

1 To Thee, Jehovah, I am singing,
Is there another guardian God like
Thee?

Thee all my praises I am bringing,
Grant Thou this hour Thy heavenly
strength to me,
That I may sing of Jesus Christ alone,
Thy highly prized and well-belovèd Son.

That I God's peace may taste, and feel,
and know,
And that my soul may see no waste nor
woe.

2 Now draw me to Thy Son, O Father,
That me forever He may draw to Thee,
Oh, may my heart Thy Spirit gather,
To quicken thus my waiting soul in me,

3 Oh, grant me, Highest, all these graces,
So that my song of praise may rise,
afar,
To Thee, who rulest in all spaces,
Then to my praise eternities unbar;
Thy Spirit thus would raise my heart on
high,
No longer here in woe and grief to cry.

BARTHOLOMÄUS CRASSELIUS 1697.

IO Help us, Lord, in All Our Living.

JOHANN SCHOP, 1642.

1. { Help us, Lord, in all our liv - ing; Thus in ev - 'ry trust and task,
 Well be - gin - ning, well a - chiev - ing, We Thy grace must ev - er ask,
 For with - out Thy bless - ed hand, All is lost, both town and land,
 All our way Thy blessing needeth, With whose aid our work suc - ceed - eth.

1 Help us, Lord, in all our living ;
 Thus in every trust or task,
 Well beginning, well achieving,
 We Thy grace must ever ask,
 For without Thy blessed hand
 All is lost, both town and land,
 All our way Thy blessing needeth,
 With whose aid our work succeedeth.

2 Help us, Lord, in times auspicious,
 Make us frugal, make us wise,
 That we view all men, suspicious,
 When the world to lure us tries.

Teach us, Lord, to bear success,
 Free from pride and haughtiness ;
 All our way Thy blessing needeth
 With whose aid our work succeedeth.

3 Help us, Lord, whene'er we suffer,
 Help us in the hour of death,
 Till our souls to Thee we offer,
 New life gaining through our faith ;
 Fill life's end with Thine own Word,
 Stay Thou with us, gracious Lord,
 Then with joyous beaming faces
 We will sing Thee thanks and praises.

II Lord, When I View Thy Great Foresight.

1524.



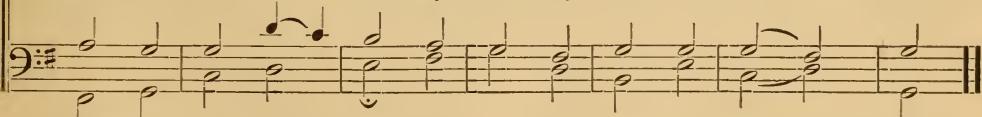
1. { Lord, when I view Thy great fore-sight, Shown in the world's crea - a - tion,
Thy love, that sleeps not day nor night, In prayer-ful con - tem - pla - tion,



My heart, of ad - mi - ra - tion full, Knows not Thy



won - ders to ex - tol, My Lord, my kind - est Fa - - ther.



1 Lord, when I view Thy great foresight,
Shown in the world's creation,
Thy love, 'that sleeps not day nor night,
In prayerful contemplation,
My heart, of admiration full,
Knows not Thy wonders to extol,
My Lord, my kindest Father.

2 Thee sunshine praiseth, and the storm,
Thy praises sing the ocean,
So doth the sluggish, creeping worm,
And each bright star in motion.

The tree with praise and blessings fraught,
The fields their fruit with beauty bro't,
Do praise Thee, kind Creator.

3 For aye exalt Him, O my soul,
His name all praising ever,
Our God, our Father, pole to pole,
The amen ceasing never.
All trust in Him and keep His word,
Who would not gladly serve the Lord,
And praise His name forever?

12 Go Soar, My Soul, with Pious Muses.

Second Melodie.

1 Go soar, my soul, with pious muses,
 Into eternity's broad field,
 Reject the ways that error chooses,
 To searching eyes they soon must yield.
 That God is love, learn o'er and o'er,
 The old, the new for evermore.

2 What am I 'mid so many, tell me?
 All creatures of Thy grace and might,
 Who on high peak or ocean dwelling,
 Can never shun Thy care or sight.
 Lord, I am but a withered leaf
 Without a place to which to cleave.

3 Tho' I am lowly justly rated,
 Nor worth Thy pity and good-will,
 Thy kindness, who all things created,
 With joy my heart dost ever fill.
 O Lord, myself—I am not mine,
 I'm Thine; and shall fore'er be Thine.

4 Our hope looks ever to the distance,
 Through all the grades of entity,
 While faith in every planet glistens,
 And peers into eternity.
 Oh, then show me Thy loving hand,
 My share of bliss, my fatherland.

13 God, before Whose Eye so Searching.

Originally an old French Melodie.

1. { God be - fore whose eye so search - ing, Pur - i - ty for - ev - er dwells,
 Light e - ter - nal, from whose foun - tain Clear - est ra - diance ev - er wells,
 Be Thy name and ho - li - ness Ev - er in our hearts to bless, From our
 minds all vice pur - su - ing, There Thy ho - li - ness re - new - ing.

God, before whose eye so searching,
 Purity forever dwells,
 Light eternal, from whose fountain
 Clearest radiance ever wells,
 Be Thy name and holiness
 Ever in our hearts to bless,
 From our minds all vice pursuing,
 There Thy holiness renewing.

2 Holiness Thine entire being,
 Thus Thou hast been evermore,
 While from Thee all sin is fleeing,
 Ours offend Thee never more.

What Thy will for us may choose
 We can never, never lose,
 Thus with Thy wise will and action,
 All Thy works attain perfection.

3 By no sinful thought or living
 Be our souls contaminate.
 All our noblest powers giving
 To Thy work we consecrate.
 Let us then Thine image be,
 In Thy kingdom's holy See,
 Where is home eternal given,
 Holy life and faith's own heaven.

14

God, Who all Ends Attaining.

1572.

1. { God, who all ends at - tain - ing, Great won - ders doth per - form;
 Thou in whose hands re - clin - ing, I rest, se - cure from harm,
 For this pro - ba - tion time, Thou, Lord, my days or - dain - est,
 E - ter - nal - ly re - main - est My pain's re - lief sub - lime.

1 God, who all ends attaining,
 Great wonders doth perform ;
 Thou in whose hands reclining,
 I rest, secure from harm,
 For this probation time,
 Thou, Lord, my days ordainest,
 Eternally remainest
 My pain's relief sublime.

2 Ere yet I saw the sunlight,
 And Thy forbearance knew,
 E'en then o'erflowed with mercies,
 Thy father-hand I view.

My praises are too small
 To pay for all Thy kindness
 Throughout my life of fulness,
 That from Thy bounty fall.

3 Thy name be ever praised,
 My rescue, danger nigh,
 Who thus to me hast provèd,
 World o'er, so gloriously.
 With joy will I to Thee
 My earnest thanks be bringing,
 And of Thy goodness singing,
 Sincere, eternally.

15

God is My Light.

J. R. AHLE, 1662.

1. { God is my light, Do not despair, my heart, In dark and gloomy night.
 The sun sinks low, The night brings fear and smart, My light beams through the night;
 It beam - eth in the night of sor - row, It shines on
 ev -'ry joy - ous mor - row, God is my light.

1 God is my light,
 Do not despair, my heart,
 In dark and gloomy night.
 The sun sinks low,
 The night brings fear and smart,
 My light beams through the night; 3
 It beameth in the night of sorrow,
 It dawns on ev'ry joyous morrow,
 "God is my light.

2 His is the might—
 He speaks and all is done,
 He nods, creation stands;
 And when my eye
 Seeks helper, seeing none,

Then help is near at hand.
 When feeble man dare not endeavor,
 There works God's steadfast arm forever,
 His is the power.

God is the power,
 He rules the universe
 With wisdom, patience, power.

The stars move on
 Time's rapid stream traverse,
 Watched by Him every hour.
 All calmly guides He, high or lowly,
 According to His will most holy.
 His is the power.

16 Heavenward all our Pathway lead.

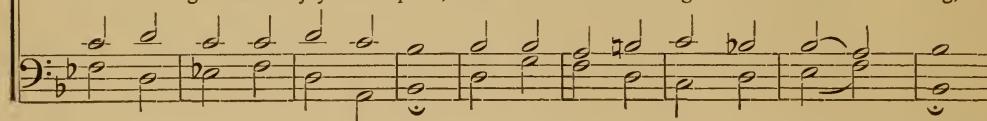
JOHN ADAM HILLER.



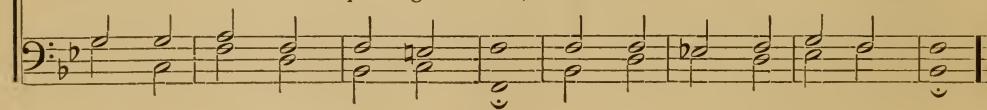
Heavenward all our path-way lead, Tran-cient guests, our stay here end - ing,



To our goal with joy we speed, Safe to hea-ven high as - cend - ing;



Here we are a pil - grim band, Hea - ven is our Fa - ther - land.



1 Heavenward all our pathway lead,
Transient guests, our stay here ending,
To our goal with joy we speed,
Safe to heaven high ascending;
Here we are, a pilgrim band,
Heaven is our Fatherland.

2 Up to God now soar, my soul,
For thou art a heavenly being,
Let not earth thy will control,

All from Heaven thy God is seeing,
Let our souls, innate in God,
To the Lord retrace the road.

3 Heavenward ! aye Heavenward !
My desire will be forever,
There's my goal ; from this my road
Mortal power shall drive me nearer.
Heavenward still leads my road,
Till I join my Maker, God.

17

God, Incarnate Truth Thou art.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1603.

1. God, in - car-nate truth Thou art, I would sing Thy prais - es; Thou art meas-ured
 by no art, Foun-tain of all grac - es. Ev - ery truth must come from Thee
 To each hu - man be - ing, To en - light-en us, lest we Miss the right way see - ing.

1 God, incarnate truth Thou art,
 I would sing Thy praises;
 Thou art measured by no art,
 Fountain of all graces.
 Every truth must come from Thee
 To each human being,
 To enlighten us lest we
 Miss the right way seeing.

2 Prejudice and darkest night
 Everywhere prevaleth.
 And to see Thy ways aright
 All our vision faileth.

But Thy Mind itself is Light,
 Thou, creation's witness,
 Clearly knowing, mind of might,
 Of all things the fitness.

3 Earth and Heaven pass away,
 Yet Thy word endureth;
 Scoff the sinner as he may,
 Still Thy will assureth.
 Though I here, for Thy word's sake,
 Sore disgrace may suffer,
 There a fit reward to make,
 Heavenly bliss Thou offer.

18 How Great is the Almighty's Kindness.

JOHANN ADAM MILLER, 1761.

1. { How great is the Al-migh - ty's kind - ness! Lives there a soul it can - not thrill?
 Is there a man of pride and blind - ness With dis - re - gard his heart would fill?

O no, His love I'd ful - ly meas - ure, For - ev - er be my du - ty great His
 kind - ness to re - call with pleasure, And ne'er His good - ness to for - get.

1 How great is the Almighty's kindness!
 Lives there a soul it cannot thrill?
 Is there a man of pride and blindness
 With disregard his heart would fill?
 O no, His love I'd fully measure,
 Forever be my duty great
 His kindness to renew with pleasure,
 And ne'er His goodness to forget.

2 He wondrously hath me created;
 The Lord, that never will me need,
 Hath carried peace into my conscience,
 While oft His law I've failed to heed.
 Who makes my peace of conscience
 stronger,

Who gives the spirit fresher power?
 Who gives me happiness still longer?
 Is it His arm's creative power?

3 God grant that His great love and kind-
 ness
 May be fore'er before my eyes,
 To cure my selfish pride and blindness;
 May I my life for Him devise.
 It comforts me in times of suff'ring,
 It leadeth me in time of joy,
 My heart's dread fears within me con-
 'qring,
 Which my last moments may employ.

19

The Heaven Singeth th' Eternal's
Great Glory.

JOHANN ADAM HILLER, 1792.

1. The heav - en sing - eth th'E - ter - nal's great glo - ry, And ech - o
 bears His name on high; Him praise the world, and the seas tell His
 sto - ry, The zeph - yrs bear the strain on high.

1 The heaven singeth th' Eternal's great glory,
 And echo bears His name on high ;
 Him praise the world, and the seas tell His story,
 The zephyrs bear the strain on high.

2 Hear, man, admire all His work and His wonders,
 That in all nature are displayed ;
 They show His wisdom, His might in the thunders,
 That aye the universe hath swayed.

3 Canst thou His creatures unspeakable number,
 His tiniest beings fail t' admire ?
 Through whom come blessings, 'tis He giveth slumber ;
 Oh, trust His mercy and retire.

4 He is thy Maker, all wise and all holy,
 A God of order and thy shield ;
 'Tis He, to Him give thy mind and heart wholly,
 Thy share of grace to thee He'll yield.

JOHANN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT, 1765.

20

God Be My Song.

JOHANN ADAM HILLER, 1793.

1. God be my song, He is the Lord of pow - er, God is His name, a
strong - hold and a tow - er, And all the worlds to Him be - long.

1 God be my song,
He is the Lord of power,
God is His name, a stronghold and a
tower,
And all the worlds to Him belong.

2 He's ever near
Thee, staying or when going;

Be thou to sea, or to the heavens fleeing,
Behold, e'en there He will appear.

3 Naught, naught is mine,
And not to God belonging.
Lord, every land Thine honor be pro -
longing,
And on my lips Thy praise divine.

CH. FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT, 1757.

21 Come, My Soul, with Haste Prepare.

JOHANNES ROSENmüLLER, 1655.

1. { Come, my soul, with haste pre-pare, Watch and pray for ev - er, Un - fore - seen,
Lest, re - lax - ing an - y care, Thou from God may sev - er;

Oft have been Men of ev - 'ry sta - tion Yield-ing to temp - ta - tion.

1 Come, my soul, with haste prepare,
Watch and pray forever,
Lest, relaxing any care,
Thou from God may sever ;
Unforeseen,
Oft have been,
Men of every station
Yielding to temptation.

2 Wake, my soul, or waiting Lord
Ne'er can thee enlighten.
Let Him enter with His word,
Thy dark life to brighten.

For God will
For the fill
Of His mercy's graces,
Have from all men praises.

3 Watch and pray fore'er and e'er
Every hour of waking,
Give to God thy constant care,
His salvation taking.
For His power
Bides the hour
Thou thy part sustainest,
Constant He remainest.

JOHANN BURKHARD FREGOTSTEIN, 1697.

22

God is my Stay.

Doric Melodie. H. SCHEIN, 1627.

1. God is my stay, To Him al - way My soul and heart are bow -
ing; I'm walk - ing here In my God's fear, Be - liev - ing, yet not know - ing.

1 God is my stay,
To Him alway
My soul and heart are bowing ;
I'm walking here
In my God's fear,
Believing, yet not knowing.

2 Thy word sets forth
The soul's true worth,
Immortal, ever living,
To last for e'er
To be my share,
My God, my Saviour giving.

3 My soul renew,
Thy will I do,
Thereby salvation winning ;
In my own strength
I fail at length,
Thy grace will bar my sinning.

4 Ah, helpful Lord,
Leave us Thy word
Which Thou to us hast given ;
Be it my share,
My bliss for e'er,
Thy word I'll ever live in.

CH. F. GELLERT, 1757.

23 What God Performs is Ever Well.

SEVERUS GASTORIUS (or JOHANN PACHELBEL), 1690.

1. { What God per - forms is ev - er well, And wis - dom all His will - ing,
 He do - eth all His work each day, And I, my task ful - fill - ing,

Him God will bless, Who in dis - tress, With wis - est

care me shield - eth, He who all wise - ly wield - eth.

1 What God performs is ever well,
 And wisdom all His willing,
 He doeth all His work each day,
 And I, my task fulfilling,
 Him God will bless,
 Who, in distress,
 With wisest care me shieldeth,
 He who all wisely wieldeth.

2 What God performs is ever well,
 He is my light and living,
 He guards me safe from ev'ry ill,
 My life and comfort giving.

In weal or woe,
 The end will show,
 When it to all appeareth
 How faithfully He careth.

3 What God performs is ever well.
 This thought to me remaineth
 That when my lot is sore and fell,
 And woe my soul restraineth,
 Then God will be,—
 So faithfully,
 From ev'ry danger shielding,—
 Me strength forever yielding.

SAMUEL RODIGAST, 1675.

24 More on God the Lord Dependeth.

1738.

1. More on God the Lord de - pend - eth, In the bless - ings that He send - eth,
 Than on gems and stores of gold. He who on Him hope hath plac - ed,
 God will suc - cor when dis - tress - ed, With His fa - vors man - i - fold.

1 More on God the Lord dependeth,
 In the blessings that He sendeth,
 Than on gems and stores of gold.
 He who on Him hope hath placèd,
 God will succor when distressed,
 With His favors manifold.

2 From His bounty ever willing,
 Means for every want fulfilling
 Come at ev'ry need's demand;

Hence His grace I will confide in,
 Hence His pleasure I'll abide in,
 Where He wills I'll take my stand.

3 Though I linger here to suffer,
 No remonstrance will I offer,
 For in Him I still confide.
 As there's nought that lasts forever,
 Trust you earthly things? No, never!
 Like a stream they onward glide.

25 Who to Our God His Safety Leaveth.

GEORG NEUMARK, 1657.

1. Who to our God his safe - ty leav-eth, And trusts Him, wak- ing or in sleep,
Him God the Lord from e - vil sav - eth, Be night and dark-ness ne'er so deep.

Those who in God the Lord con - fide Shall safe - ly in His law a - bide.

1 Who to our God his safety leaveth,
And trusts Him, waking or in sleep,
Him God the Lord from evil saveth,
Be night and darkness ne'er so deep.
Those who in God the Lord confide
Shall safely in His law abide.

2 In vain are all our grief and sorrow,
In vain our plaintive cry of woe ;
From Him we every solace borrow,
When, poor and worn, our dangers grow :
For by our cries of mad despair
We make but worse our grief and care.

3 All trifling woes our God regardeth,
For kind and boundless is His might ;
No tyrant hand His own retardeth,
And wealth seems valueless and light.
To God belong the realm and crown,
And He can raise or cast us down.

4 God helps him who His path ne'er leaveth,
And duty doth with manhood true.
The Lord each sad misstep forgiveth,
And daily blessings will renew
To him who in His word confides,
And in His law fore'er abides.

GEORG NEUMARK, 1657.

26

God Lives For E'er.

JOHANN ADAM HILLER.

1. God lives for e'er; Soul, why trem - ble and de-spair? God is kind, Who, with great pit - y,

Never leaves a friend be - hind; Whom still, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Faith - ful

he will ev - er find. God sees, bet - ter than we know it, Ev - 'ry e - vil

to o'er - throw it. Soul, be hope - ful and up - bear, For thy Help - er lives for e'er.

1 God lives for e'er ;
 Soul, why tremble and despair ?
 God is kind,
 Who, with great pity,
 Never leaves a friend behind ;
 Whom still, through all eternity,
 Faithful he will ever find.
 God sees, better than we know it,
 Every evil to o'erthrow it.
 Soul, be hopeful and upbear,
 For thy Helper lives for e'er.

God lives for e'er ;
 Soul, why tremble and despair ?
 All sweet rest and peaceful slumber,
 And the ear he giveth thee,
 And the eye these stars to number ;

All the earth and all the sea :
 God has heard and has perceivèd
 When His children are aggrievèd ;
 Lives He now, and through all time,
 Near us as our friend sublime.

3 God lives for e'er ;
 Soul, why tremble and despair ?
 If the world hurt or distress thee,
 Know'st thou not how all will end ?
 Seek thy God, He will embrace thee,
 And in sufferings lend His hand.
 God His friend alway redeemeth
 From the ill that overcometh ;
 Even in great loneliness
 Own His power with thankfulness.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH ZINN, 1682.

27

In My Beloved Lord I Trust.

Originally a popular Melodie, 1578,
later by GESIUS, 1605.

1. In my be - lov - ed Lord I trust, and in His word; He

can for ev - er save me, And nev - er will He leave me: Mis -

for - tunes He can al - ter, And nev - er will He fal - ter.

1 In my beloved Lord
I trust, and in His word;
He can forever save me,
And never will He leave me:
Misfortunes He can alter,
And never will He falter.

2 Tho' death take me away,
'Tis gain and not dismay.
To Christ so kind and tender,

I will my all surrender;
To-day, and on the morrow,
No trouble will I borrow.

3 "Amen," at ev'ry hour
I'll sing with all my power.
O Lord, forever guide me,
And keep me e'er beside Thee,
That I may praise Thy name then
And ever, ever, Amen.

SIGMUND WEINGÄRTNER, 1609.

28 Oh, How Oft is Man's Affection.

Original and popular Melodie, 1653.
By JOHANN FERTTNER.

1. Oh, how oft is man's af - fec - tion Fick - le and un - feel - ing, cold,
 And how short its life, we're told! Soul, in mak - ing thy se - lec - tion,
 Trust no seem - ing friend what - e'er, That ne'er keeps a prom - ise fair.

1 Oh, how oft is man's affection
 Fickle and unfeeling, cold,
 And how short its life, we're told !
 Soul, in making thy selection,
 Trust no seeming friend whate'er,
 That ne'er keeps a promise fair.

2 But in God's affection trusting
 Who alone is ever true,
 Safety's rock till storms are through,
 Those, who on this rock are building,
 Live in safety while they see,
 Fearless, all life's agony.

3 Yes, my choice, Lord, falls upon Thee ;
 Faithful Father, Thee alone
 When alas, my strength is gone,
 Aye, my trust I'll place in Thee ;
 Oh, how true Thou art and good,
 To forget my wayward mood.

4 Daily let my heart discover
 That no other can avail,
 That all other helpers fail ;
 'Reft of solace, let me suffer
 Till again I flee to Thee,
 Thou wilt, Father, safety be.

29 To God's Own Will and Heart and Might.

1535.

1. { To God's own will and heart and might, My heart and mind are giv - - en ;
 What ills may seem are just and right, And death, e'en, I shall live in.

I am His son who has the throne Of Heav - en built, so pre - cious ; His
 heart, who chose Ills to im - pose, Is ev - er kind and gra - cious.

1 To God's own will and heart and might,
 My heart and mind are given ;
 What ills may seem are just and right,
 And death, e'en, I shall live in.
 I am His son who has the throne
 Of Heaven built, so precious ;
 His heart, who chose
 Ills to impose,
 Is ever kind and gracious.

2 Thus by myself I was not made :
 With talents He endowed me ;
 My God creative will displayed,
 And with my powr's adorned me.
 He gave me mind the right to find,

A body strong for duty ;
 Who so much gave
 My soul will save,
 So kind He is and mighty.

3 So great His power and wisdom are,
 O'erflowing every measure ;
 He does with kindness and with care
 Whatever be His pleasure.
 If ills alloy our dearest joy,
 He seeks our heart's amending ;
 What He may do
 Our whole life through
 His ready hand is lending.

30

Whatever I am Doing.

JOHANN ADAM HILLER.

1 Whatever I am doing,
His grace my heart is wooing,
Who all things has and knows.
His aid we're ever needing,
If we would be succeeding;
With good His gen'rous hand o'er-
flows.

2 His grace is never failing,
He'll cure my ev'ry ailing,
He'll ward off ev'ry blow.
His shelter I reside in;
While His laws I abide in
He'll shield me from my ev'ry foe.

3 Whatever His decision,
I'll make no opposition,
But meet my foreknown fate.
No mishaps can befall me—
No ruin can enthrall me,
Our Lord will help with kindness
great.

4 To Thee my heart now giving,
To trust in Thee I'm living,
Thy pow'r is so sublime.
To-day and yet to-morrow
No trouble will I borrow,
Thy bounty fills each place and time.

31 In Thee My Hope I've Rested, Lord.

Published first in 1536.

1. In Thee my hope I've rest - ed, Lord: Grant that I ne'er dis -

trust Thy word, And shield me from dis - as - ter. Un - to my death pre -

serve my faith In Thee, my Lord and Mas - ter.

1 In Thee my hope I've rested, Lord :
Grant that I ne'er distrust Thy word,
And shield me from disaster.
Unto my death preserve my faith
In Thee, my Lord and Master.

2 Thy gracious ear to me incline, .
My soul to Thee in love entwine.
Oh, hasten, God, to save me,
In sore distress I still Thee bless
For Thou salvation gave me.

3 Thou art my strength, my rock, O God,
My shield, my weapon, says Thy word,
My help, my bliss, my Saviour.
O God and Lord, me aid afford,
Forgive my ill behavior.

4 Lord, I commend my life to Thee ;
Do not depart, my God, from me,
Keep safe my soul forever.
In sorest need and dire distress
Withhold Thy hand, oh, never.

ADAM REISSNER, 1533.

32 Be Content, My Soul, and Never.

JOHANN ADAM HILLER.(?)

1. Be content, my soul, and never,
Ne'er forget
God liveth yet,
And will love thee ever.
Trust Him, for in every matter,
'Neath His wise,
Gracious eyes,
Every ill shall scatter.

2 All the world Thee, Master, praises,
And Thy might
Day and night,
And the starry mazes.

Sun and moon Thy might adoreth ;
Each that lives,
Breath receives,
Praise to Thee outpoureth.

4 Why should I no praise be giving,
Whom He did —
Gracious deed ! —
Name among the living ?
What I have is all His giving ;
Every day,
All my way,
He is with me living.

ERDMANN NEUMEISTER, 1756.

33 God's Gracious Will He Does Always.

Originally an old French popular Melodie, 1529.

1. { God's gracieous will He does al - ways, Him we must e'er confide in;
 He'll succor those, on life's rough ways, Who all His laws a - bide in;

All the op - press'd, Their wrongs redressed, Our len - ient God for , giv - eth, Who

in Him trust, Friend kind and just, In joy for - ev - er liv - - eth.

1 God's gracious will He does always,
 Him we must e'er confide in;
 He'll succor those, in life's rough ways,
 Who all His laws abide in.
 All the oppressed,
 Their wrongs redressed,
 Our lenient God forgiveth;
 Who in Him trust,
 Friend kind and just,
 In joy forever liveth.

2 In God I trust, in Him I live,
 With hope through all my life long ;
 His Father-care He'll freely give,
 And this inspires my life-song.
 He numbers ev'ry tiny hair,
 He ev'ry sparrow feedeth ;
 His watch and ward is everywhere,
 And what He wills succeedeth.

34 Who Knows, O Lord, Thy Being.

1530.

1. { Who knows, O Lord, Thy be - ing? Who has Thy light come near,
 Whom lead - ing, none are see - ing? This thought fills me with fear.

Un - ty - ing what man bind - eth-O'er-throw - ing what we buiid— No

mind the rea - son find - - eth— To Thee must all things yield.

1 Who knows, O Lord, Thy being?
 Who has Thy light come near,
 Whom leading, none are seeing?
 This thought fills me with fear.
 Untying what man bindeth —
 O'erthrowing what we build —
 No mind the reason findeth —
 To Thee must all things yield.

2 Who dares with Thee to reason
 About what be his fate?
 Thou art in every season
 To Thy sons kind and great.

E'en through the night of sin, Lord,
 Thy kindness see we must ;
 We learn Thy pow'r in Thy word,
 And in Thee put our trust.

3 Until our last day's dawning,
 On us still beams Thy light ;
 There'll be no fear nor groaning,
 For causeless is all fright.
 All earthly solace vanish,
 In Thee we'll put our trust,
 All doubts we then will banish —
 But build on Thee we must.

35 I Know the Labors of My Hand.

JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN, 1627.

I. I know the labors of my hand Up - on God's gen - 'rous
 arm de - pend, Which send - eth ev - ery bless - ing; I know His
 sway Will stand al - way, His kind - ness, so a - maz - ing.

1 I know the labors of my hand
 Upon God's generous arm depend,
 Which sendeth every blessing;
 I know His sway
 Will stand alway,
 His kindness, so amazing.

2 What Thee may please, give Thou to me ; 4
 My soul shall find its Sun in Thee,
 Thy pleasure my decision.
 No wish, no thought, my faithful Lord,
 Be with Thine in collision.

3 Thou art my Father, I Thy child,
 Thou, ever gracious, ever mild,
 Responsive to my needing,
 Still helping, all my ways defend,
 My zeal, if right, succeeding.

Thee, Lord, I honor, love, and praise ;
 Thy glorious deeds, Thy wondrous ways,
 Be in my soul elated,
 In all Thy works and universe,
 Which Thine own will created.

36 Praise to Thee, My God, be Chanted.

JOACHIM NEANDER.

1 Praise to Thee, my God, be chanted,
Glory, thanks to Thee be brought;
Well has grown all Thou hast planted,
Gained the end which Thou hast
sought.

Hence I view, with deep affection,
How all-wise is Thy direction,
And proclaim, with holy pride,
Blessed all who in Thee bide.

2 Hadst Thou, Father, me endowèd
As my foolish heart did pray,
Hadst all boons on me bestowèd,
And what spurned I, kept away,

Hadst a willing ear Thou turnèd,
When my heart for vain things yearnèd,
Still I'd be unsatisfied,
Or elate with selfish pride.

3 Leave to God all, leave to God all!
Aye, that is a cheering word.
Leave to God all, leave to God all!
Thus thy path leads to the Lord.
Leave to God all, without quailing,
Then will cease all fear and wailing.
Leave to God all to the end,
And thy soul in God's own hand.

KARL J. P. SPITTA, 1833.

37

My Soul's True Friend.

JOHANN ADAM HILLER, 1789.

I. { My soul's true friend, what bliss, what pleasure, When I shall rest in Thine em-brace!
 { All sadness wanes, Thy love's my treas - ure, I'll has - ten to en - joy Thy grace.

Then must the gloom of mourning van - ish, When we our grief and trou-ble ban - ish,

And love e'er beameth from Thy breast. There is a heaven far more than earth dear; Who

still would live in joy and mirth here, That seeks in Thee that longed-for rest?

I My soul's true friend, what bliss, what pleasure,
 When I shall rest in Thine embrace!
 All sadness wanes, Thy love's my treasure,
 I'll hasten to enjoy Thy grace.
 Then must the gloom of mourning vanish,

When we our grief and sorrow banish,
 And love e'er beameth from Thy breast.
 There is a heaven far more than earth dear;
 Who still would live in joy and mirth here,
 That seeks in Thee that longed-for rest?

WOLFGANG Ch. DESSLER, 1692.

2 My foe, the world, I may thus call thee,
And be it so, I trust Thee not,
My soul, this world shall ne'er enthrall
thee,
It's gloss I value all for naught.
In Thee, Lord God, will my soul revel;
Thou art my friend, I seek Thy level.

My friend Thou art, when friendship,
part;
The world's grim hatred could not fell
me,
And if the worst of fates befell me,
My anchor and my rock Thou art.

WOLFGANG A. DESSLER, 1692.

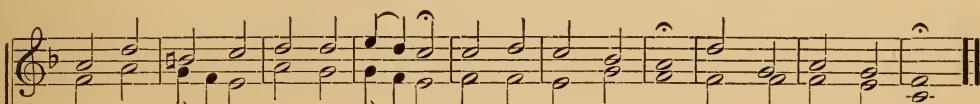
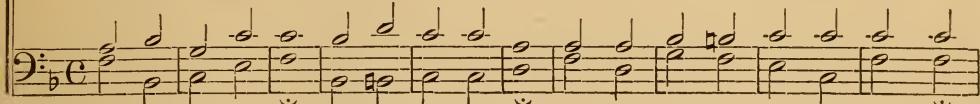
38

Jesus, Walk ahead.

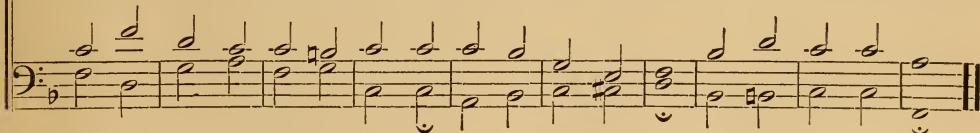
JOHANN ADAM HILLER.



1. Je - sus, walk a - head, By Thee we are led; Thus we foll - 'wing ne'er will tar - ry,



Joy - ful in Thy footsteps hur - ry, Led by Thy kind hand To our Fa - ther - land.



1 Jesus, walk ahead,
By Thee we are led;
Thus we foll'wing ne'er will tarry,
Joyful in Thy footsteps hurry,
Led by Thy kind hand
To our Father-land.

2 And though hard we fare
Trust in Him for e'er.
Yea, although our strength may
fail us,

Fatal darts shall ne'er assail us,
For through agony
Leads the road to Thee.

3 Jesus, be our Guide
While along we glide.
If our road be hard and tearful,
Thou providest what is needful,
And when all is o'er,
Ope for us Thy door.

NIKOLAUS LUDWIG GRAF VON ZINZENDORF, 1721.

39

The Morning Star.

Originally a popular tune, 1599.

1. { How brightly shines the morn-ing star With grace and truth from Christ a - far, The
 Thou, Da-vid's son, from Ja-cob's race, My King, the Bridegroom too al-ways,— And

pre-cious root of Jes - se's,— Love - ly, Friend - ly, Fair and charm-ing,
 now my soul pos - ses - ses:

Hate dis - arm - ing, Strong, vic - to - rious, And be - yond all meas-ure glo - rious.

1 How brightly shines the morning star
 With grace and truth from Christ afar,
 The precious root of Jesse's,—
 Thou, David's son, from Jacob's race,
 My King, the Bridegroom too always,—
 And now my soul possesses:
 Lovely,
 Friendly,
 Fair and charming,
 Hate disarming,
 Strong, victorious,
 And beyond all measure glorious.

2 Pour deep into my heart, anon,
 O brightest diamond, precious stone,
 The flame of Thine own loving.
 Oh, can it be I may through Thee,
 Of thee, for all eternity,
 A living branch be proving!
 My soul
 Doth yearn,
 In its blindness,
 For Thy kindness,
 Till it findeth
 Thee, whose love the whole world
 bindeth.

40

Praise Ye the Lord, all, The
Powerful King.

1668.

1. Praise ye the Lord, all; The pow - er - ful King of great glo - ry,

Oh, my soul, dear - ly be - lov - ed, Be thy song and sto - ry; Thy si - lence break!

Psal - ter and harp, now a - wake, Sing all this song to His glo - ry!

1 Praise ye the Lord, all;
The powerful King of great glory,
Oh, my soul, dearly beloved,
Be Thy song and story;
Thy silence break,
Psalter and harp now awake,
Sing all this song to His glory!

2 Praise ye the Lord, all;
Alone He the universe ruleth,
And He my many sins
With His sure mercy annulleth,
Who thee preserves
And from thy care never swerves,
And Who thy passion's sting dulleth.

3 Praise ye the Lord, all,
Who wondrous thy form hath created,
And who thy body hath graced,
With mind, fitly mated.
Misfortune's rod
Our great and merciful God
So oft has kindly abated.

4 Praise then the Lord, all,
Who from bountiful store thee hath
blessed,
Who from high Heaven thy woe hath so
often redressed.
Think of it, son,
What He, the Father, hath done,
Who thee with love hath created.

41 Now Praise My Soul, the Saviour.

HANS KUGELMANN, 1540.

I. { Now praise, my soul, the Sav - iour, His name re - peat with ho - ly zeal,
 His help - ing hand, for ev - er, For - get - ting not in woe or weal.

Thy sins He hath for - giv - en, No more to make thee smart; He hides them with ob -

liv - ion, And takes thee to His heart. Then, ea - gle - like, re - new - ed Thy

strength with His great might, And with His grace im - bu - ed, Live on in end - less light.

Now praise, my soul, the Saviour,
 His name repeat with holy zeal,
 His helping hand, forever,
 Forgetting not in woe or weal.
 Thy sins He hath forgiven,
 No more to make thee smart;

He hides them with oblivion
 And takes thee to His heart.
 Then, eagle-like, renewed
 Thy strength with His great might,
 And, with His grace imbued,
 Live on in endless light.

2 His sacred laws He sends us,
 His judgment ever just and wise ;
 His kindness sure to lend us,
 His wrath forbearing, slow to rise.
 He seeks no hard revenges,
 Our weakness doth intrench,

And fear and care avenges,
 And all our thirst doth quench.
 Takes on Himself our sorrow,
 And all our sins' great pain ;
 To-night and still to-morrow,
 His curse He will restrain.

JOHANN GRAUMANN, 1525

42 Now Thank You All, with Zeal Utmost.

NICOLAUS HERMANN, 1560.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time (C) and common key (C). The bottom staff is in common time (C) and common key (C), with a basso continuo line indicated by a bass clef and a 'C' with a 'b' (B-flat) below it. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with various rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano).

1 Now thank you, all, with zeal utmost,
 Who dwell in this fair world,
 The God whose praise the angel host
 In Heaven high have told.

2 Awake, all men, and now proclaim
 Our God as highest good,
 For who could all His wonders name !
 Praise His forgiving mood.

3 His loving kindness is a shield,
 To us poor feeble men ;
 His aid He does so freely yield
 When grieves our heartstrings strain.

4 And when at last our hearts stand still,
 And God shall close our eyes,
 His sight our souls with joy will fill,
 As to His Heav'n we rise.

PAUL GERHARD, 1653.

43 With Praise Proclaim the Highest Good.

1524.

With praise pro - claim the High - est Good, The Giv - er of all grac - es;
 To God, a - lone, who won - ders doth, To Him I sing my prais - es,

With whose rich sol - ace I am filled, And who my

pains and mis - 'ry stilled; To our good Lord give prais - es.

1 With praise proclaim the Highest Good, 3 Whate'er our God has wrought or made,
 The Giver of all graces ; He surely will maintain them ;
 To God, alone, who wonders doth, His searching eye, in sun or shade,
 To Him I sing my praises, If lost, will soon regain them ;
 With whose rich solace I am filled, And, in His realm's expanse entire,
 And who my pains and mis'ry stilled ; His grace rewards each first desire ;
 To our good Lord give praises. To our great Lord give praises.

2 The heav'ns, the angels too, praise Thee, 4 Then come all to His gracious throne
 From whom all pow'r is welling, With joyous songs and praises,
 And all on earth, in air and sea, Return Him all the love you own
 And in His shadow dwelling,— For all His bounteous graces.—
 All praise the great Creator's might, God did all things so well create,
 Who all things doeth wise and right ; All things so wisely regulate ;
 To our great God give praises. Give to the Lord your praises.

44 O Lord, to Us Be Kind and Good.

An old Melodie introduced by MARTIN LUTHER, 1525.

1. { O Lord, to us be kind and good And show'r on us Thy bless - ing, That we may
 Thine eye of light send us a flood, As tow'r'd Thy face we're press - ing.
 see Thy glo - ry's crown, And all who faith - ful prove here, To whom Thy power and
 word are known, Now thrill the heart, the deaf ear; Turn all to Thee with - out fear.

1 Oh, God, to us be kind and good
 And shower on us Thy blessing,
 Thine eye of light send us a flood,
 As tow'r'd Thy face we're pressing.
 That we may see Thy glory's crown
 And all who faithful prove here,
 To whom Thy power and word are
 known,
 Now thrill the heart, the deaf ear ;
 Turn all to Thee without fear.

2 The heathen may give thanks and praise
 To Thee, God, and Thy glory ;
 All beings may their voices raise,
 The stars may tell their story,
 That Thou art judge of all the earth,
 Lord,

To raise repentant creatures
 Through Christ's atoning pow'r and
 worth ;
 To change our sinful natures
 And make us holier creatures.

3 Now thank Thee, all, and praise Thee,
 God,
 Who all Thy laws abide in ;
 The land brings fruit on tree and sod,
 If men Thy word confide in.
 Oh, bless us, Father and the Son,
 Christ Jesus true and holy,
 Thy erring creatures lowly.
 Sing all with grateful hearts, Amen.

45

Gratitude My Soul Constraineth.

JOHANN SCHOPP, 1641.

I. { Grat - i - tude my soul con - strain - eth; Thanks to Thee that us hath blest.
Now a - way, what my soul pain - eth, Thou wilt give it sweet - est rest.

What I am, can do, am hav - ing, From Thy boun - ty is it lent;

Noth - ing comes by ac - ci - dent; For 'tis Thou such boons art giv - ing.

E - vil wards Thy val - iant hand, Ev - er po - tent help doth lend.

1 Gratitude my soul constraineth ;
Thanks to Thee, that us hath blest.
Now away, what my soul paineth,
Thou wilt give it sweetest rest.
What I am, can do, am having,

From Thy bounty is it lent ;
Nothing comes by accident ;
For 'tis Thou such boons art giving.
Evil wards Thy valiant hand,
Ever potent help doth lend.

2 Thou for all my wants providest,
Givest joy, my griefs allay,
Safely me through life Thou guidest.
Every minute, hour and day.
Thee, a friend, I'm still adoring,
For without Thy power and might,
I could find no help nor light.
Through the desert dark exploring,
Thanks to Thee who help didst lend,
And Thy peace and blessing send.

3 If I prosper, ever warn me
From all pride and haughtiness ;
Save from sighing, and adorn me
With true faith and happiness.
Let me in my boons' enjoyment
Ever Thee, their giver, see.
When again from Thee I'd flee,
Give my faith its full employment,
Even in death's agony.
Give I praise, O Lord, to Thee.

JOHANN WILHELM RECHE, 1835.

46 Now Thank Ye, All, Our Lord.

JOHANN GRUEGER, 1649.

1. { Now thank ye, all, our Lord, With hands and lips give prais-es! Who us, thro' childhood weak, as
Laud Him with one accord, Whose power all a - ma - zes;
in ma - tur - er life, Heard our complain-ing meek, Saved us from sin and strife.

1 Now thank ye, all, our Lord,
With hands and lips give praises !
Laud Him with one accord,
Whose power all amazes ;
Who us, thro' childhood weak,
As in maturer life,
Heard our complaining meek,
Saved us from sin and strife.

2 Our God, so strong who art,
Grant Thou, while we are living,
To us a joyful heart,
And peaceful and forgiving ;

Who did by Thy kind grace
Preserve us to this time ;
And will from sore distress
Save us by grace sublime.

3 To Father, Spirit, Son,
Praise, glory, and thanksgiving ;
The equal three in One,
All ruling, everlasting.
To Him, the highest Lord,
The shining star before ;
Who is and was the Word
Remaining evermore.

MARTIN RINKART, 1644.

47 Thee Trust I, God, and Waver Not.

An old Melody, 1577.

1. { Thee trust I, God, and wav - er not, Though of my hopes the last bright spark, The
 My help - er and my God art Thou, Thro' whom my heart, if faith - ful now, Its

last of chanc-es wan - eth. Thou ev - er, God, my soul did'st guide, And mad'st me in Thy
 rest and bliss re - gain - eth.

will a-bide; Thou did'st Thy faithful, kind-ly hand So oft in deep dis - tress ex - tend. My

God, in Thee I trust. My strength it comes from Thee. I fight and con-quer, God, thro' Thee.

1 Thee trust I, God, and waver not.
 Tho' of my hopes the last bright spark,
 The last of chances waneth.
 My helper and my God art Thou.
 Through whom my heart, if faithful
 now,
 Its rest and bliss regaineth.

Thou ever, God, my soul did'st guide,
 And mad'st me in Thy will abide ;
 Thou did'st Thy faithful, kindly hand
 So oft in deep distress extend.
 My God, in Thee
 I trust. My strength it comes from Thee.
 I fight and conquer, God, through Thee.

2 Hard is the stress of suffering heart,
And oft I feel my strength depart,
To struggle and to suffer ;
But Thy wrath, Father, does not last,
For leniency Thy grace is cast
When we repentance offer.
Soon is with tears Thy measure filled,

And soon the soul's great longing stilled ;
Soon hast Thou, Lord, my prayer heard,
Tried me enough to grace accord.
O, Lord of grace,
If saved by Thee, then sings in me
My heart's great praise and thanks to Thee.

JOHANN JOACHIM ESCHENBURG, 1766.

48 When We're in Deepest Grief and Woe.

Originally Calvinic, 1555.

1. When we're in deep - est grief and woe, And know not e'en which way to go, Nor
 where is aid or safe ad - vice, Nor can a help - ful way de - vice.

1 When we're in deepest grief and woe,
And know not e'en which way to go,
Nor where is aid or safe advice,
Nor can a helpful way devise,

2 Our solace then is this alone ;
That we implore Thy gracious throne,
And pray, our great benignant God,
To take away Thy chastening rod.

3 And that we raise our eyes and heart
To Thee, when we repentant smart,
And pray that Thou a pardon grant,
Or mitigate our punishment.

4 Do not our sins severely weigh,
But pardon us, O Lord, we pray ;
And help us in our misery,
And make us from all burdens free.

From the Latin. JOAH. CAMERARIUS, 1527.

49 Fear Thou not when Darkness Hideth.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1680.

1. { Fear thou not, when darkness hideth hid - eth, From thine eye the bliss - ful light;
God is kind, His hand thee guideth, Glad - ly helps thee with His might;

And although our plans from His may e - ven dif - fer, Yet let not, O Christian, thy faith and hope

suffer. E'en worms in the dust He doth never forget, He all things provideth, Whate'er may beset.

1 Fear thou not, when darkness hideth
From thine eye, the blissful light;
God is kind, His hand thee guideth,
Gladly helps thee with His might;
And although our plans from His may
even differ,
Yet let not, O Christian, thy faith and
hope suffer.

E'en worms in the dust He doth never
forget,
He all things provideth, whate'er may
beset.

2 All the gloom in which man liveth,
Through God beams with sunny light;
Man for light in vain oft grieveth,
All is clear to God's keen sight.
He knows what is great, what is small,
what is distant,

He guideth the stars in their hurry con -
sistent,
He keepeth the spheres in their orbits
held fast,
And brings us the day of salvation at
last.

3 Fear thou not e'en death impending,
Courage take, my trembling soul,
Conquer with thy faith unending,
That doth God in pain extol.
The gloom of the earth shall our hearts
not embitter,
Already my faith sees Thy glory's beam
glitter,
We see it, now is the great promise
fulfilled;
Our joy is perfected, our longing is
stilled.

50

O Lord, Our God.

JOHANN CRUEGER, 1640.

1. O Lord, our God! Help, lest Thy people wa - ver; Be they in
 sore dis - tress and great en - deav - or, All night and day on
 Thee, O Lord, re - ly - ing, And to Thee cry - ing.

1 O Lord, our God !
 Help, lest Thy people waver ;
 Be they in sore distress and great endeavor,
 All night and day on Thee, O Lord, relying,
 And to Thee crying.

2 We have not one
 Whom we may safe abide in,
 And vainly we all human aid confide in ;
 By Thee we stand and by Thy sign we conquer,
 Foes defeat incur.

3 God, Thou art He
 With mighty power to slay them.
 To Thee our small and hopeless band is flying,
 In Thee we trust, on Jesus' name relying.
 Help, save us. Amen.

JOHN HERMAN, 1603, during the darkest time of the Thirty Years' War.

51 Night is Followed by the Sun.

Written in the 14th Century.

Night is followed by the sun, And our sigh by smiles outrun, And all
 sore and bitter pain Bliss and comfort has in train; And my own soul,
 that before Had sunk down to hell's dread door, Hails with joy the golden shore.

1 Night is followed by the sun,
 And our sigh by smiles outrun,
 And all sore and bitter pain
 Bliss and comfort has in train;
 And my own soul, that before
 Had sunk down to hell's dread door,
 Hails with joy the golden shore.

2 God lets no man mourning stand,
 Him He leads with His kind hand,
 Who His soul to Him did give
 And in Him would ever live;
 Who on God his anchor cast,
 He will surely find, at last,
 Hope fulfilled when life is past.

3 But my God without delay
 Cared for, kept me in such way,
 That of what His arm hath done
 Ne'er the glory will be known.
 Faint a ray of hope drew near;
 Presently did help appear;
 Quickly vanished ev'ry fear.

4 Nothing now can shake my faith,
 Thus will I go unto death,
 Will lie down in my cold grave,
 Will its awful terrors brave;
 When God hath His soldiers made,
 They shall pain and death evade,
 Victory their way pervade.

52 When Human Aid is Out of Sight.

From the Latin of JOACH. CAMERARIUS, 1547, 1651.

1. When hu - man aid is out of sight, Then God will
 help thee with His might; If none will suc - cor,
 He will bring Re - lease from mis 'ry's mock - ing sting.

1 When human aid is out of sight,
 Then God will help Thee with His might ;
 If none will succor, He will bring
 Release from mis'ry's mocking sting.

2 I do not care for man's good grace,
 Like dust the wind will give it chase ;
 This world for me has not one friend
 That can be faithful to the end.

3 Thy refuge take in God alone,
 And He will help when all is gone,
 If Thou hast God as only friend
 Then thou art safe unto the end.

4 If God's your friend and ever near,
 No enemy have you to fear ;
 And were there thousands, none would be
 Sufficient to do harm to thee.

ANTON ULRICH, 1670.

53 Lord, how Grievous Is My Sinning.

JOHANN CRUEGER.

I. { Lord, how grievous is my sinning!
I have walked from the beginning,
the my be - gin - ning! I'm Where Thou'st
pressed shown by me grief's not, great O load; And, lest from Thy wrath I
suf - fer, I would fain my great sin cov - er.

1 Lord, how grievous is my sinning!
I'm oppressed by grief's great load;
I have walked from the beginning,
Where Thou'st shown me not, O God;
And, lest from Thy wrath I suffer,
I would fain my great sin cover.

2 But how could I flee Thy presence?
In all places Thee I find;
If beyond the seas I go hence,
Me Thy power still would bind.
Have I wings just like Thy breezes
All my ways Thy presence seizes.

3 Lord, to Thee I am confessing,
Great my sin, and great my shame;
Me no more Thy children's blessing
Finds, till pardon brings the same.
Justly judged by my condition,
I must suffer in perdition.

4 Let Thy spirit go beside me,
That I do what Thee may please;
And without cessation, guide me
Out of sin and into peace.
Never, never let me waver,
Let my heart thank Thee for ever.

JOHANN FRANK, 1677.

54 Have Pity, Lord, Weak is My Heart.

1525.

1. { Have pi - ty, Lord, weak is my heart, In-clined to world - ly tri - fles, Just like a reed, by
So that ne'er Satan's craft and art, Thy voice within me sti - fles.

breez - es touched, Thus reels, by furious passions clutched, My lonely soul forev - er. When shall I

come to my true rest, That e'er I do that which is best, And ne'er my steps may wa - ver?

1 Have pity, Lord, weak is my heart,
Inclined to worldly trifles ;
So that ne'er Satan's craft and art
Thy voice within me stifles.
Just like a reed, by breezes'touched,
Thus reels, by furious passions clutched,
My lonely soul forever.
When shall I come to my true rest,
That e'er I do that which is best,
And ne'er my steps may waver?

2 Oh, may my heart in future not
Thus undecided waver.
Arouse my erring soul, O God,
To make a new endeavor.
Grant that Thy spirit's moving force
Attend my soul in onward course ;
Thus shall I be renewed.
To Thee my heart I consecrate,
Thy blessing will it elevate,
If with Thy cause imbued.

J. F. von CRONEGK, 1758.

55 To God on High Alone Be Praise.

Introduced by VON NICOLAUS DECIUS, 1540.

1 To God on high alone be praise
 And thanks for His great mercies,
 That He both now, and so always,
 Each harm and ill disperses.
 The Lord hath lovèd us indeed,
 Hath given peace as we had need,
 All wars and tumults ending.

2 We praise Thee, God, with one accord,
 And for Thy aid we thank Thee,
 That Thou, forgiving, generous Lord,
 Hast judg'd us e'er with pity.

Beyond all measure is Thy might,
 All to decide and will aright,
 And save by Thy hand, Master.

3 Oh, Jesus Christ, Thou only Son
 Of God, my heav'nly Father,
 All woes avert from souls forlorn
 And be our sure Redeemer.
 Oh, Lamb of God, oh, Lord and God,
 Our prayer hear, remove Thy rod,
 And on us show Thy pity.

NICOLAS DECIUS. 1529.

56

Dearest Jesus, We Are Here.

JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE, 1662.

I. { Dear - est Je - sus, we are here List - 'ning to sweet Thy and
 Lead our souls, by wish or fear, To Thy sweet and heav'n - ly teaching, That our hearts, with zeal all
 gra - cious preach - - - ing, That our hearts, with zeal all
 heav'n - ly teach - - - ing, That our hearts, with zeal all
 glow - ing, See the grace from Thine eye flow - - - ing.

1 Dearest Jesus, we are here
 List'ning to Thy gracious preaching,
 Lead our souls, by wish or fear,
 To Thy sweet and heav'nly teaching,
 That our hearts, with zeal all glowing,
 See the grace from Thine eye flowing.

2 All our knowledge and our mind
 Are in gloom and darkness clouded ;
 But Thy spirit, clear and kind,

Hath our opening vision crowded.
 To good thought and right endeavor,
 Lendest Thou Thy favor ever.

3 O Thou great Magnificence,
 Light of light, that God outpoureth,
 Show us Thy munificence,
 Till each one Thee, Lord, adoreth ;
 All our prayers, our songs, and pleading,
 Be Thou, gracious Lord, conceding.

57 Show Thyself without Concealment.

JOHANN CRUEGER, 1649.

1. { Show Thy - self with - out con - ceal - ment, Pour on us Thy grace as oint - ment,
 That Thy day, O Lord so gra - cious, Think we than all else more pre - cious.

Let us by Thy power be lift - ed, And thus by Thy word be gift - ed,

That Thy faith - ful church have un - ion With the Fa - ther, and com - mun - ion.

1 Show Thyself without concealment,
 Pour on us Thy grace as ointment,
 That Thy day, O Lord so gracious,
 Think we than all else more precious.
 Let us by Thy power be lifted,
 Thus by Thy word to be gifted,
 That Thy faithful church have union
 With the Father, and communion.

2 Free men from the burden hateful
 Of their sins so rank and hurtful ;
 As Thy heart is, make them holy,
 As the Sabbath Day is holy.

That from Thy throne, high and golden,
 Thy pure light may be beheld,
 Free us, then, from all that's carnal,
 Where Thy Sabbath is eternal.

3 Oh, forever near me hover,
 With Thy shield vouchsafe to cover.
 Cleanse my soul ; O Lord, prepare it,
 That with courage I may dare it,
 There to walk, where Thou, the Right-
 eous,
 To communion did'st invite us ;
 Where no war cry longer ringeth
 But the victor praises singeth.

58

Sing God Praises.

From a Latin sacred song of the fourth century by AMBROSIUS.

1. Sing God praises, loud and deep, and deep, Every promise He doth keep; He the sinner's guardian, friend, To us sinners once did send.

2. What to our forefathers' race Greatest wish and longings trace, And what they have prophesied, Gloriously is verified.

3. Oh, be welcome, grace divine! Oh, Hosannah, Saviour mine! God, so gracious and so kind, In my heart Thy dwelling find.

4. That when Thou, Heav'n's glorious King, Thy new reign at last shall bring, I may go to meet Thee, Lord, Be with Thee in full accord.

59 From Heaven's Sphere I Come down here.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1558.

1. From Heav - en's sphere I come down here To
 bring you news of right good cheer; Of this good cheer so
 much I bring, That there - of I can speak and sing.

1 From Heaven's sphere I come down here 3 Now this is Jesus Christ, our God,
 To bring you news of right good cheer ; From all distress, He'll lead your road ;
 Of this good cheer so much I bring, Himself will your true Saviour be,
 That thereof I can speak and sing. And from all sins will make you free.

2 To-day a babe was born to all ; 4 Now praise your God on His high throne,
 A true, pure virgin had the call Who sent us e'en His only Son,
 To be its mother, and so fair His sight the angels praise and cheer,
 The child is, 'tis a joy fore'er. And wish to us a glad new year.

60

Now, oh, Prepare.

MARTIN FRITZSCH, 1589.

1. Now, oh, pre - pare With zeal and care, The Sav - iour's day with
 thanks and praise re - mem - - ber; Love is the thanks That
 He re - ceives. Ex - tol the Lord, come, soul, a - rise from slum - - ber.

1 Now, oh, prepare
 With zeal and care,
 The Saviour's day with thanks and praise With grace divine, in Thine own Son,
 remember ; Lord, that Thou me
 Love is the thanks
 That He receives.
 Extol the Lord, come, soul, arise from
 slumber !

2 Speak, grateful strain,
 Again, again !

Our Lord the world in His own Son has In God rejoice, saved and redeemed from
 loved.

3 Exalt the Lord
 With one accord !
 Oh, seek Him, all, His gracious favor
 winning.
 Alleluia,
 Alleluia !

CH. FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT, 1765.

61 Now, Courage Take, My Trembling Soul.

JOHANN SCHÖP, 1641.

1. { Now, cour-age take, my trembl-ing soul, And show thine in-most long-ing all, With joy and praise be-long-ing.

This is the night in which He came And took on Him a hu-man

frame; The world, by pa-tient su-ing, His bride, He still is woo-ing.

1 Now, courage take, my trembling soul,
And show thine inmost longing
To hail the Son, Saviour of all,
With joy and praise belonging.
This is the night in which He came
And took on Him a human frame;
The world, by patient suing,
His bride, He still is wooing.

2 Oh, joyous time! Oh, wondrous night!
More wondrous man saw never.
The Father sent Him by His might,
His heir, our friend and Saviour.

In Him Thou send'st the trusty man
That fire and clouds, too, conquer can;
Through Him the heavens tremble:
Ye angels, now assemble.

3 Praise be to Thee, Lord Jesus Christ,
And thanks by us be chanted,
That Thou, my brother highly prized,
Thy cross for us hast planted.
Help that Thy conquering grace sub-lime
I value in Thy glorious time,
And there, in endless spaces,
May sing Thee endless praises.

JOHANN REST, 1641.

62 Incarnate Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the Spiritual Volksong of the 15th century, 1524.

1 Incarnate Jesus Christ be prais'd,
Born of virgin pure and chaste,
That as a man Thou camst to earth.
Rejoice, all angels, in His birth!
Kyrie Eleis!

2 As God the Father's only Son
Guest into this world has come,
To lead us from this tearful vale,
That we through trial might prevail,
Kyrie Eleis!

3 To earth He came so meek and poor,
Making our salvation sure,
That in the heaven our notes should vie
With angel's songs that swell on high.
Kyrie Eleis!

4 Our Jesus Christ this work has done,
Love for us to be made known.
Rejoice, then, all, in Christendom,
And thank Him thro' all time to come.
Kyrie Eleis!

63 On This New Road, I'm now about.

1569.

1. On this new road, I'm now a-bout To walk in life's long jour - ney. A cheer-ful
 pil-grim, I set out; With pi - ous spir - it yearn I; With faith - ful prayer and
 cheer - ful song, I glad - ly walk this road a-long; Thou, Lord, wilt safe - ly guide me!

1 On this new road, I'm now about
 To walk in life's long journey ;
 A cheerful pilgrim I set out ;
 With pious spirit yearn I ;
 With faithful prayer and cheerful song,
 I gladly walk this road along ;
 Thou, Lord, wilt safely guide me.

2 I fear not future's gloomy night
 With which my path is filling,
 I know that e'er through Thy great
 might,
 From gloom will light be welling.

Not yet do I Thy reason know,
 But, still through my dear Christ, I
 go,
 And surely shall perceive all.

3 My goal be near, or be it far,
 My heart is not tormented ;
 To Thee, my God, my lustrous star,
 To Thee I will commend it,
 That through Thy power and grace, I
 may
 To bliss eternal find the way,
 And live with Thee forever.

64 Head Full of Wounds and Gory.

By HANS LEO HASLER, 1601.
Arranged by J. HERRMANN SCHEIN, 1627.

1. { Head full of wounds and go - - ry! Yet, with de - fi - ant frown,
On Thee, to mock Thy glo - - ry, They placed a thorn - y crown.

O Head of sweet for - ma - tion, So kind, se - rene and fair, Yet

cru - el mu - ti - la - - tion Thou will - ing - ly dost bear.

1 Head full of wounds and gory!
Yet, with defiant frown,
On Thee, to mock Thy glory,
They placed a thorny crown.
O Head of sweet formation,
So kind, serene and fair,
Yet cruel mutilation
Thou willingly dost bear.

2 What Thou, O Christ, endurèd,
All this I sorely bear;
Redemption is assurèd
To all for e'er and e'er.
Look at me here, my poor One!
Thy wrath deserved my ways.
But give me, O demure One,
Thy fullest, sweetest grace.

3 My thanks to Thee I render,
O Jesus, dearest friend,
Through Thy death, my Defender,
Thou life to me did'st lend.
May I with Thee abiding,
A faithful, willing son,
Through grace, whate'er betiding,
In death with Thee be one.

4 In life's last hour of parting,
Oh, do not part from me.
When in death's terrors smarting,
My guide and guardian be.
When direful woe and anguish
Shall cleave around my heart,
'Twill never fear nor languish;
Thy woe bids mine depart.

65 Remember, Now, My Soul, Rejoice.

1565.

1. Re - mem - ber, now, my soul, re - joice, The glo - rious

day of high im - port; The day on Christ to

fix your choice, His day, the Son's, my migh - ty Lord.

1 Remember, now, my soul, rejoice,
The glorious day of high import;
The day on Christ to fix your choice
His day, the Son's, my mighty Lord.

2 Now show to Him, by thankfulness,
As though to-day He did thee bless,
As tho' he said, " Peace be with thee."
Thus now rejoice, my soul, in me.

3 Look to the skies and Him adore,
He rules the stars that upward soar;
With God he ruleth hand in hand,
He is thy King, thy steadfast Friend.

4 Might, glory, power, His works declare;
To Him that is and was fore'er,
His name be blest and glorified,
And echoed by the Heaven's wide.

Ch. F. GELLERT, 1765.

66

Jesus Is My Hope, My All.

JOHANN GRÜGER, 1658.

1. Je-sus is my hope, my all, Him I find the ever-living; This I know, and baseless all, All my fear and sad misgiving.

find the ev-er-liv-ing; Through death's long and
fear and sad misgiv-ing.

grievous night, Fill my soul with joy and light.

1 Jesus is my hope, my all,
Him I find the ever-living;
This I know, and baseless all,
All my fear and sad misgiving.
Thro' death's long and grievous night,
Fill my soul with joy and light.

2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;
Him to see will then be granted,
When, through Him who sin forgives,
On that shore my feet are planted.

Why then should I grieve and fear,
When He is forever near?

3 Through my hope's enduring band
Am I close to Him connected.
May my faith undaunted stand,
In my heart this thought reflected,
That in death's dread hour and care,
He is with me everywhere.

LOUISA HENRIETTE, Churfurstin von Brandenburg, 1649.

67 A Mighty Fortress Is Our Lord.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

1. { A migh - ty for - tress is our Lord, A trust - y shield and weap - on,
 A will - ing help - er, free to ward, And true, when e - vil hap - - pen.

The old, . . . wick - ed fiend With ear - - nest, bad mien : Great pow'r, wiles
 at - - tent Are his dread ar - ma - ment; On earth there is none like him.

1 A mighty fortress is our Lord,
 A trusty shield and weapon,
 A willing helper, free to ward,
 And true, when evil happen.
 The old, wicked fiend
 With earnest, bad mien :
 Great pow'r, wiles attest
 Are his dread armament ;
 On earth there is none like him.

2 With our own strength, we naught can
 do ;
 Our valor quickly waneth
 Unless fit man our cause pursue ;
 Whom God therefor ordaineth,
 Know'st thou whose this fame ?
 Christ Jesus, His name,
 The Lord of Sabaoth,
 No other God, in troth,
 The field He wins, retaineth.

3 And were the world with devils filled,
 Intending to devour us,
 All fear and terror would be stilled,
 They could not overpower us.
 The world's prince may lower,
 With mien dark and sour ;
 His doom'd might will fail,
 His wiles will not avail,
 A Little Word can fell him.

4 That Word against the foes shall stand,
 And naught to them the merit,
 For God escape for us hath planned
 With His own Gift and Spirit.
 Then take they the life,
 Gold, fame, child and wife —
 When these all are gone,
 Naught have they, cruel, won :
 His reign remains enduring.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1524, after the diet to SPEYER.

68 Oh, Keep Us, Lord, True to Thy Word.

An old Melodie, revised by MARTIN LUTHER, 1541.

1. Oh, keep us, Lord, true to Thy word,
Our foe avert.—and help afford.—
Who Jesus Christ, Thine own dear Son,
Would fain hurl from His own high
throne.

vert, and help af - ford, Who Je - sus Christ, Thine

1 Oh, keep us, Lord, true to Thy word,
Our foe avert.—and help afford.—
Who Jesus Christ, Thine own dear Son,
Would fain hurl from His own high
throne.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, Thy power show,
Thou highest Lord of all below,

Protect Thy suff'ring Christendom.
We'll praise Thee through all time to
come.

3 God, Holy Ghost, now show Thy worth,
Give all Thy sons one mind on earth,
Stand by us in the hour of death;
In that dread hour preserve our faith.

LUTHER, 1541.

69 Awake, My Heart, with Singing.

JOACHIM A. BURGH, 1584.



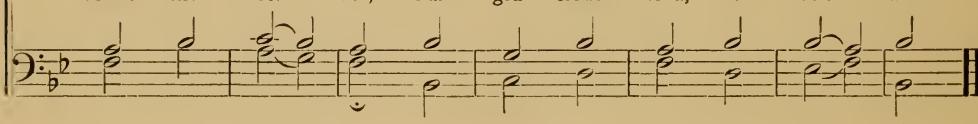
I. A - wake, my heart, with sing - ing To



the Cre : a - tor bring - ing, Of all our



boons the sen - der, Our gra - cious Lord, de - fen - der.



1 Awake, my heart, with singing
To the Creator bringing,
Of all our boons the sender,
Our gracious Lord, defender.

2 The Word that Thou ordainèd,
Thy Light has never wanèd ;
My soul it has imbûèd,
Its faith and strength renewèd.

3 Approve Thou all my doing,
Thy counsel help bestowing ;
Beginning, midst, and ending,
O, Lord, Thy best gifts lending.

4 Thy bliss be in me welling,
My heart be e'er Thy dwelling ;
Thy word shall be my living,
Till called, salvation giving.

PAUL GERHARD, 1649.

70 My Earliest Thoughts Are Thanks and Praise.

MICHAEL PRATORIUS, 1586, 1610.

1. My ear - liest thoughts are thanks and praise, Ex -

tol Him, soul, for ev - er. The Lord will

hear thy songs al - ways, And will de - sert thee nev - er.

1 My earliest thoughts are thanks and praise,

Extol Him, soul, forever.

The Lord will hear thy songs always. And will desert thee never.

2 Myself to guard, without the might,
I lie in sleep so peaceful.

Who gave me safety, through the night,
And rest and all things needful?

3 'Twas Thou, our God, the world's great Lord,

On Thee I am depending,
A new day Thou didst me afford,
Thy grace my soul amending.

71

From All Its Deep Recesses.

1588.

1. { From all its deep re - cess - - - es My soul gives thanks and praise,
And in its prayer Thee bless - - - es; 'Tis Thine to end - less days.

O God, on Thy high throne, Thee, all our fates' fore - cast - - - er, We

praise, and bless our Mas - - - ter, Thine own be - lov - - ed Son.

1 From all its deep recesses
My soul gives thanks and praise,
And in its prayer Thee blesses;
'Tis Thine to endless days.
O God on Thy high throne,
Thee, all our fates' forecaster,
We praise and bless our Master,
Thine own belovèd Son.

2 Because Thou me, so gracious,
In this past gloomy night,
So watchful and sagacious,
Did'st guard with all Thy might,

My heart would humble be;
Wait not my sin's forgiving,
By which, in all my living,
I grieve and anger Thee.

3 To God I all surrender.
For He all things can do,
He is so kind and tender,
His blessing He'll renew.
In Him will I abide,
My body, soul, and living;
My soul, Him pleasure giving,
Do thou in God abide.

JOHANN MATTHESIUS, 1565.

72 God of Earth and God of Heaven.

HEINRICH ALBERT, 1643.

1. { God of earth and God of Heaven,
Day, and night, and morn, and even,
Fa - ther,
Storm - y

Son host, and Ho - ly
and moon, and One, sun;
All Thy gi - ant

hand up - - holds, And the u - ni - verse en - - folds.

1 God of earth and God of Heaven,
Father, Son and Holy One,
Day, and night, and morn, and even,
Stormy host, and moon, and sun.
All Thy giant hand upholds,
And the universe enfolds.

2 God, I thank with all my being,
Who in this past gloomy night,
From all pain and evil freeing,
Thou hast saved me by Thy might.
And old Satan's craft and wile
Haste to leave me, nor defile.

3 Lead, O gracious Lord, and guide me
In my search for Thine own word;
Be a guiding star beside me,
Be my guardian, I Thy ward.
For by none, but Thee alone,
May I reach the heavenly throne.

4 All my body and my spirit,
Mind to think and understand,
I resign, it is Thy merit,
Into Thine almighty hand;
Honor, reputation, shield,
Take me, Lord, my all I yield.

HEINRICH ALBERT, 1643.

73

Childlike I Implore Thee.

JOHANN CRUEGER, 1649.

1. { Child - like, I im - plore Thee, Prayer - ful, I a - dore - - Thee,
Thank - ful, my heart long - - eth Him, to whom be - long - - eth,
O my God on High, Thou whose eye was ev - er nigh
E'er to glo - ri - fy. While the night so dark and gloom - y Held its ter - rors o'er - - me.

1 Childlike, I implore Thee,
Prayerful, I adore Thee,
O my God on high.
Thankful, my heart longeth
Him, to whom belongeth,
E'er to glorify.
Thou whose eye was ever nigh
While the night so dark and gloomy
Held its terrors o'er me.

2 There are no successes,
Save the Father blesses
All our toil profound.
Late or early, never
Will all mine endeavor

With success be crowned,
Save the grace with me be found.
When by Thee I'm wholly guided,
Well I am provided.

3 Let me not be striving,
God, while here I'm living,
After earthly gain;
But to what remaineth
When my body waneth
Do my thoughts restrain;
Goods and gold no value hold;
Of my conscience clean, unsoilèd,
I can not be spoilèd.

CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH TIETZ.

74

Now Shady Night Descendeth.

Old German Melodie, by HEINRICH ISAAK, printed in 1539.

1. Now sha - dy night de - scand - eth, And wholesome slum - ber lend - - eth; The
 world is all at ease, But thou, my soul, a - rouse thee, A
 thank - ful song es - spouse thee, That thy Cre - a - tor well may please.

1 Now shady night descendeth,
 And wholesome slumber lendeth;
 The world is all at ease,
 But thou, my soul, arouse thee,
 A thankful song espouse thee,
 That thy Creator well may please.

2 Where did the sun then vanish?
 Dark night his light did banish,
 Black night, the day's old foe;
 Behold! another sunrise,
 My Jesus, God's own Son, wise,
 His light into my heart doth glow.

3 The head, the feet, the hands shall
 Rejoice that happy end all
 Their labors now will know.
 Rejoice, O heart, and free thee,
 Whate'er the world decree thee,
 From sin and every other woe.

4 Seek rest now, weary members,
 Lie down in healing slumbers,
 The couch you now may crave.
 The hour and day now neareth,
 When God for you prepareth
 A couch within the cool, cool grave.

PAUL GERHARD, 1653.

75 When now the Day to Rest Has Gone.

Originally a secular tune. 1667.

1. When now the day to rest has gone
And sun suspends his shine,
May tired hearts, their labors done,
Repose and not repine.

2. But Thou, my Lord, no respite blest,
Nor sleep nor slumber light,
The darkness gives, Thine eyes nor rest,
Because Thou art the light.

3. Remember, Lord, that I am here,
In this dark gloomy night,

Grant that no evil I may fear,
Protect me with Thy might.

4. And should this night my last one be
In this sad, tearful vale,
Then lead Thy hand to Heaven me
That I Thy sight may hail.

5. In Thee I live, I die in Thee,
Thou, Lord, SabaOTH strong,
In death or life, my helper be,
In all distress and wrong.

76

Day Doth Depart.

1628.

1. Day doth de - part ; My mind and heart For
 that great day are yearn - - - ing, When I shall be
 whol - ly free Free from grief and mourn - - - ing.

1 Day doth depart ;
 My mind and heart
 For that great day are yearning,
 When I shall be wholly free,
 Free from grief and mourning.

2 The night is here ;
 Oh, be Thou near,
 Thou Sun, the uncreated !
 Let Thy light on me soon break,
 Now with joy elated.

3 All life that stirs,
 And whirls and whirs,
 Rest they from all their labor.
 Bring me, O Lord, in quiet rest,
 Near Thee, faithful neighbor.

4 He watch will keep ;
 No startled sleep,
 No woe my spirit suffers ;
 Then shall I, in slumber sweet,
 Feel the grace He offers.

77 Ah, how Worthless and how Shallow.

MICHAEL FRANK, 1657.

1. Ah, how worth - less and how shal - low Is the life man
 lead - eth! As a mist on stream - let flow - ing, Van - ish -
 ing, and on - ward go - ing, So our emp - ty life-day speed - eth.

1 Ah, how worthless and how shallow
 Is the life man leadeth!
 As a mist on streamlet flowing,
 Vanishing, and onward going,
 So our empty life-day speedeth.

2 Ah, how shallow and how worthless
 Is our days' brief journey!
 As a streamlet's course beginneth,
 Never stayeth, never resteth,
 So our worthless life-day passeth.

3 Ah, how worthless, and how shallow
 Is our life and fortune!

As a ball projected, turning
 Round and round, and ne'er returning,
 So our empty life and fortune.

4 Ah, how shallow and how worthless
 Is all human scheming!
 Who for art his whole life liveth
 Many glorious works achieveth,
 Waiting death he ne'er escapeth.

5 Ah, how worthless and how shallow
 Are all man's possessions!
 All things, all the eye beholdest
 Vanishing, chaos enfoldeth
 Who fears God forever liveth.

MICHAEL FRANK, 1657.

78 I am, O Lord, in Thine own Hand.

JOHANN SCHOFF, 1642.

1. { I am, O Lord, in Thine own hand, My life was giv'n at this
 Thou hast my days e'en numbered all, Thou know'st when from this earthly
 thrall
 Thy nod will me deliver.
 When, how and where I am to die —
 All this Thou know'st, my God on High.

Thy com - mand, Thou keep - er, as the giv - er. When, how and
 earth - ly thrall Thy nod will me de - liv - er;

where I am to die — All this Thou know'st, my God on High.

1 I am, O Lord, in Thine own hand,
 My life was giv'n at Thy command,
 Thou keeper, as the giver.
 Thou hast my days e'en numbered all,
 Thou know'st when from this earthly
 thrall
 Thy nod will me deliver.
 When, how and where I am to die —
 All this Thou know'st, my God on High.

2 Whom have I, Lord, but Thee alone?
 Who then, when in the throes I groan,
 Can help and solace bring me?
 And who my soul will succor then

When help no longer comes from men,
 And I with death must wrestle?
 And me despairing, woe beset,
 Wilt Thou, my Saviour, me forget?

3 No, no, to Thee entrusted be
 My soul, which has its share in Thee,
 My life Thou art, in dying.
 Thus do I conquer fear and woe,
 While Hell and Death around me go,
 And in their strifes are vying.
 While I'm alive, I still am Thine,
 And e'en in death, Thou wilt be mine.

SIMON DACH, 1648.

79 Why Fear'st Thou Anxious for Thy Living?

JOHANN ADAM HILLER, 1792.

I Why fear'st thou anxious for thy living?
 Submit to God, trust faithful giving,
 For Heav'n is rest and duty, too.
 Life shalt thou prize and wisely use it,
 And thankfully, as fortune, choose it;
 'Twill not be lost when all is through.

2 And death thy soul shall never frighten, 3 So seek thee, whatsoe'er befalling,
But wisdom true in thee to brighten ; To know death, rightly, not appalling—
Thus it should stand before thine eyes, Serene thou, fearless to death's power,
Nor should it chill the love of living, Thus proves he trusty, kind and faithful,
But, greater zeal for duty giving, The wisest friend in times successful,
Should make thee ardent, strong and A weapon in temptation's hour.

CH. F. GELLERT, 1765.

80 Grim Death's Cold Chill, the Grave's Dark Night.

1630.



1. Grim death's cold chill, the grave's dark night, All van - ish through Thy Word's sweet



light; My soul, when draws the heavens near, No ter - ror and no grave shall fear.



1 Grim death's cold chill, the grave's dark night,
All vanish through Thy Word's sweet light;

My soul, when draw the heavens near,
No terror and no grave shall fear.

2 'Tis but this hut, so weak and frail,
That grim-faced death may yet assail.

Myself, more free than e'er before,
My God, to Thee will joyful soar.

3 A potent instinct of my soul
Doth tell me of a higher goal,
This longing for perfection's crest
Proves for eternal life I'm blest.

JOHANN JOACHIM SPALDING, 1780.

81 For Thee, O Lord, Time Has No Law.

Old Popular Tune, 1534.

1. For Thee, O Lord, time has no law ;
 Thou art fore'er, the flood who saw,
 And who the world created.
 As now, O God, Thou always art
 And wilt be when all else depart,
 Thy power vindicated.

flood who saw, And who the world cre-a - - - ted. As now, O God, Thou
 al-ways art And wilt be when all else de - part, Thy pow - er vin - di - ca - - ted.

1 For Thee, O Lord, time has no law ;
 Thou art fore'er, the flood who saw,
 And who the world created.
 As now, O God, Thou always art
 And wilt be when all else depart,
 Thy power vindicated.

2 But all the life of human kind
 Is mortal, fleeting, smoke and wind,
 Upon Thy call existing.
 So glancing at earth's glorious orb
 It will, Thou bidding, us absorb
 Or willing or resisting.

3 Though many men may reach threescore,
 The years of some be twenty more ;
 What will all this be proving?
 With Thee compare none ever may,
 Thy thousand years are like a day,
 That yesterday was passing.

4 Impress our mind and heart, we pray,
 With time's sure flight and swift decay,
 That we, our folly seeing,
 May e'er consult Thy glorious Son,
 Attain a life like Simeon
 And, hence, to Thee be fleeing.

SIMON DACH, 1659.

82

Quickly Passeth Life Away.

JOHANN ULICH, 1674.

1. { Quick - ly pass - eth life a - way And I the have
Tell the years how many a day day have
I. Tell the years how many a day day have

grave is hourly nearer, Think, O man, and
lived and hold life dear - er,
grave is hourly nearer, Think, O man, and
lived and hold life dear - er,

pon - der death, Ne'er de - lay, firm hold thy faith.
pon - der death, Ne'er de - lay, firm hold thy faith.

1 Quickly passeth life away,
And the grave is hourly nearer,
Tell the years how many a day
I have lived, and hold life dearer.
Think, O man, and ponder death,
Ne'er delay, firm hold thy faith.

2 Live as thou, if thou shouldst die,
Wouldst desire to have been living,
Boons that here thou prizest high,
Dignities that chance is giving,

Never after death remain,
For these boons were never thine.

3 Only hearts that justice love
And a conscience clear and guiltless
Will with God of value prove,
All things else are vain and fruitless.
Such a heart as God will please,
Will in death give joy and peace.

CH. F. GELLERT, 1757.

83 I'm Daily Dying While I'm Living.

JOHANN ADAM HILLER.

1. { I'm dai - ly dy - ing while I'm liv - ing, And
Who for my life His bond is giving, giv - ing, Not
near - er com - eth death's cold thrall. Yes, life will go and
on the mor - row death will call?
death will come; Who wel - comes Him who takes him home?

1 I'm daily dying while I'm living,
And nearer cometh death's cold thrall.
Who for my life His bond is giving,
Not on the morrow death will call?
Yes, life will go and death will come;
Who welcomes Him who takes him home?

2 Have I not time to give a blessing
To those I love, bless them for me,
While tearful they my hands are press-
ing.

O God, in mercy grant my plea,
And let Thy children's anxious cry
Ascend and reach Thy throne on high.

3 And when at last my life is ended,
Then to Thy home my soul admit;
By death new life with mine be blended,
And at Thy side grant me a seat.
The separation has no pain,
And we in tears find hope's sweet gain.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE, 1720.

84 With Peace and Joy through Life I go.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1524.

1. With peace and joy through life I go While God is willing; When

He says, "Come," then I must go, Will-ing, will-ing. God to

me His promise gave; My soul shall see sal-va-tion.

1 With peace and joy through life I go
While God is willing;
When He says, "Come," then I will go,
Willing, willing.
God to me His promise gave;
My soul shall see salvation.

2 'Tis all for Christ's sake, God's true Son,
The real Saviour,
Who sits with Thee upon Thy throne

Sits there ever,
For He will save the living,
To sinners so forgiving.
3 To Him Thou gav'st the foremost place
With greatest power;
And bad'st all men to woo His grace.
The whole world o'er
Through Thy dear and saving word,
Which all in earth and Heav'n heard.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1524.

85 Dispose of Me in Thine Own Way.

JOHANN H. SCHEIN, 1628.

1 Dispose of me in Thine own way,
While with disease I'm smarting;
Refuse me not this boon, I pray,
When soul and body parting.
Then take it, Lord, into Thine hand,
For all is good if well it end.

2 I gladly follow Thee, O Lord,
For Thou wilt not destroy me,
And never far from me Thou art,
Although this body leave me.
And though I leave here ev'ry friend,
Yet I am safe in Thine own hand!

3 Sweet is the rest that I shall have,
My soul to Thee upsoaring,
Thy hand will from the doom me save,
Bliss to my soul outpouring.
This earth is but a tearful vale
Where we in anguish ever wail.

4 Why should I lonely be and sad,
While those by Thee caressed,
And all in white, as angels clad,
Like Heaven's Bride, are dressed?
Thou empty world, now fare thee well!
I gladly rise in heaven to dwell.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1628.

86 This Body Now We Lay to Rest.

JOHANN STAHL, 1544.

1. This bod - y now we lay to rest, And cov - er

sol - emn - - ly with dust, For clay to clay and

dust to dust Is law for all, o - - obey we must.

1 This body now we lay to rest,
And cover solemnly with dust,
For clay to clay and dust to dust
Is law for all, obey we must.

2 O man, here learn what life is worth,
Since hither camest by thy birth;
To care, and joy, and woe, and weal
Grim death succeeds, without appeal.

3 Thus riches, fame, and power great,
Like these, our bodies, soon abate,
But so distress, and pain, and woe,
Like our own life, must end and go.

4 And when at last life's glorious Prince
The graves to open wide begins,
Then we shall rise to higher life,
Devoid of woe, or pain, or strife.

EHRENFRIED LIEBLICH, 1774.

87 Rise Again, aye, Rise Again, my Dust.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED SCHICHT, 1819.

1. Rise a - gain, aye, rise a - gain, my dust, Shalt thou from
thy short rest. Im - mor - tal liv - - - ing Is thy Cre -
a - tor giv - ing. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - - jah!

1 Rise again, aye, rise again, my dust,
Shalt thou from thy short rest.
Immortal living
Is thy Creator giving.
||: Hallelujah! :||

2 Here to bloom again, as seeds, I'm sown.
The Lord's to harvest gone,
As sheaves us garn'ring,
And life immortal giving.
||: Hallelujah! :||

3 Day of tearful joy, O grateful day!
O thou, the Lord's great day!

My days when numbered,
And when enough I've slumbered
||: Awak'st thou me. :||

4 Then 't will seem to us a dream so fair,
With Jesus Christ to share
His holy pleasure,
Exceeding grief's full measure.
||: Hallelujah. :||

5 Holy One! To Him, oh, guide Thou me,
My Saviour; then shall we
On high be living,
And praise Him with thanksgiving.
||: Hallelujah! :||

FRIEDRICH GOTTLÖB SCHICHT, 1819.

88 How Short here Are Our Days of Trial.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED SCHICHT, 1819.

1. { How short here are our days of tri - - - al, Then, waits for
 Where grief's most bit - ter cup and vi - - - al Are changed in -

us to fe - - - lic - i - - ty, Here vir - - tue toil - eth

slow and hard, The fu - - ture world be - stows re - - ward.

1 How short here are our days of trial,
 Then, waits for us eternity,
 Where grief's most bitter cup and vial
 Are changed into felicity.
 Here virtue toileth slow and hard,
 The future world bestows reward.

2 Here rest I seek, but there I find it ;
 There shall I, holy, sanctified,
 The work of virtue know and mind it,
 With contrite heart, Thee glorified.
 The God of love, Him shall I see,
 Him love and ever with Him be.

3 There shall I in the light be beaming.
 To whom on earth seemed darkness all ;
 Wondrous and holy there be naming
 What here was all inscrutable.
 There sees my soul, with praise and songs,
 The Lord to whom all praise belongs.

4 What are the woes of this earth's being,
 Compared with Heaven's magnificence.
 Which we, redeemed of God, are seeing
 In all its true significance ?
 What is, compared with such delight.
 A day of hardships, care and fight ?

CH. F. GELLERT, 1757.

89 "Waken Ye," the Voice is Calling.

PHILIPP NICOLAI (JACOB PRÄTORIUS).

1. "Waken ye," the voice is call - ing, The Son of God Al - mighty's call - ing—A -
 "Waken ye, O sin - ner par - doned, And all God's children, here as - sem - bled, The

rise, ye dead, for-sake your tomb. The grave's death-night is o'er, A - wake, 'tis now no more!
 world's great Lord now calls ye home.

Hal - lu - - jah! Be read - y ye, E - ter - ni - - ty, His day, His glorious day is here.

1 "Waken ye," the voice is calling,
 The Son of God Almighty's calling—
 Arise, ye dead, forsake your tomb.
 Waken ye, O sinner pardoned,
 And all God's children, here assembled,
 The world's great Lord now calls ye
 home.
 The grave's death-night is o'er,
 Awake, 'tis now no more!

Hallelujah!

Be ready ye;
 Eternity,

His day, His glorious day, is here.

2 Earth, and sea, and rocks do tremble;
 The pious nations now assemble;
 To newest life they now arise.
 Comes the Saviour, crowned with glory,
 So strong in truth, in mercy mighty,
 Their light grows clear, their Star will
 rise.

The light is round Thy throne
 And life, our God's own Son;
 Praise Him, Saviour,
 The Author He,
 His followers we,
 To His great Father's glorious throne.

3 Sing Him praises everlasting,
 To life eternal penetrating,
 To holiness, the just reward.
 On us Christ full joy is shedding,
 On Him we'll look, His face unveiling,
 Him as our friend, God's Son, our
 Lord.

Nor eye such form hath found,
 Nor ear hath heard the sound.
 Oh the luster!
 Eternally,
 Eternally,
 Be thanks, and praise, and honor done.

PHILIPP NICOLAI (KLOPSTOCK, 1599).

90 Oh, What Bliss God on Each Soul
Outpoureth.HEINRICH ALBERT, 1650.
JOHANN CRUGER, 1641, 1649.

1. Oh, what bliss God on each soul out - pour - - eth,
That through death, safe to his heav'n up - soar - - eth. From it with -
hold - - ing All dis - tress that us in chains is hold - - ing.

1 Oh, what bliss God on each soul out-
poureth,
That through death safe to His heaven
upsareth,
From it withholding
All distress that us in chains is hold-
ing.

2 Aye, the soul as in a prison liveth
That with sorrow, fear and terror heaveth ;
For here do languish
We in grief, in fear, in direful anguish.

3 While the dead rest safe in quiet chamber,
Heaven on them sends a restful slumber,
No stress, no suff'ring ;
Peaceful, blissful, holy, heav'nly cov-
'ring.

4 Who then fearless would not meet death
gladly ?
Dost thou view the heav'nly vision sadly ?
Who would remain here ?
Longer still sore grief and pain sustain
here ?

SIMON DACH, 1635.

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God, before whose Eye so searching	13	Oh, what Bliss God on each Soul outpoureth .	90
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Heavenward all our Pathway lead	16	The Heaven singeth th' Eternal's great Glory .	19
Have Pity, Lord, weak is my Heart	54	To God's own Will and Heart and Might	29
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In my beloved Lord I trust	27	What God performs is ever well	23
In Thee my Hope I've rested, Lord	31	Who to our God his Safety leaveth	25
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